



Western Washington University
Western CEDAR

Klipsun Magazine

Western Student Publications

3-1986

Klipsun Magazine, 1986, Volume 17, Issue 04 - March

Mark Connolly
Western Washington University

Follow this and additional works at: https://cedar.wwu.edu/klipsun_magazine



Part of the [Higher Education Commons](#), and the [Journalism Studies Commons](#)

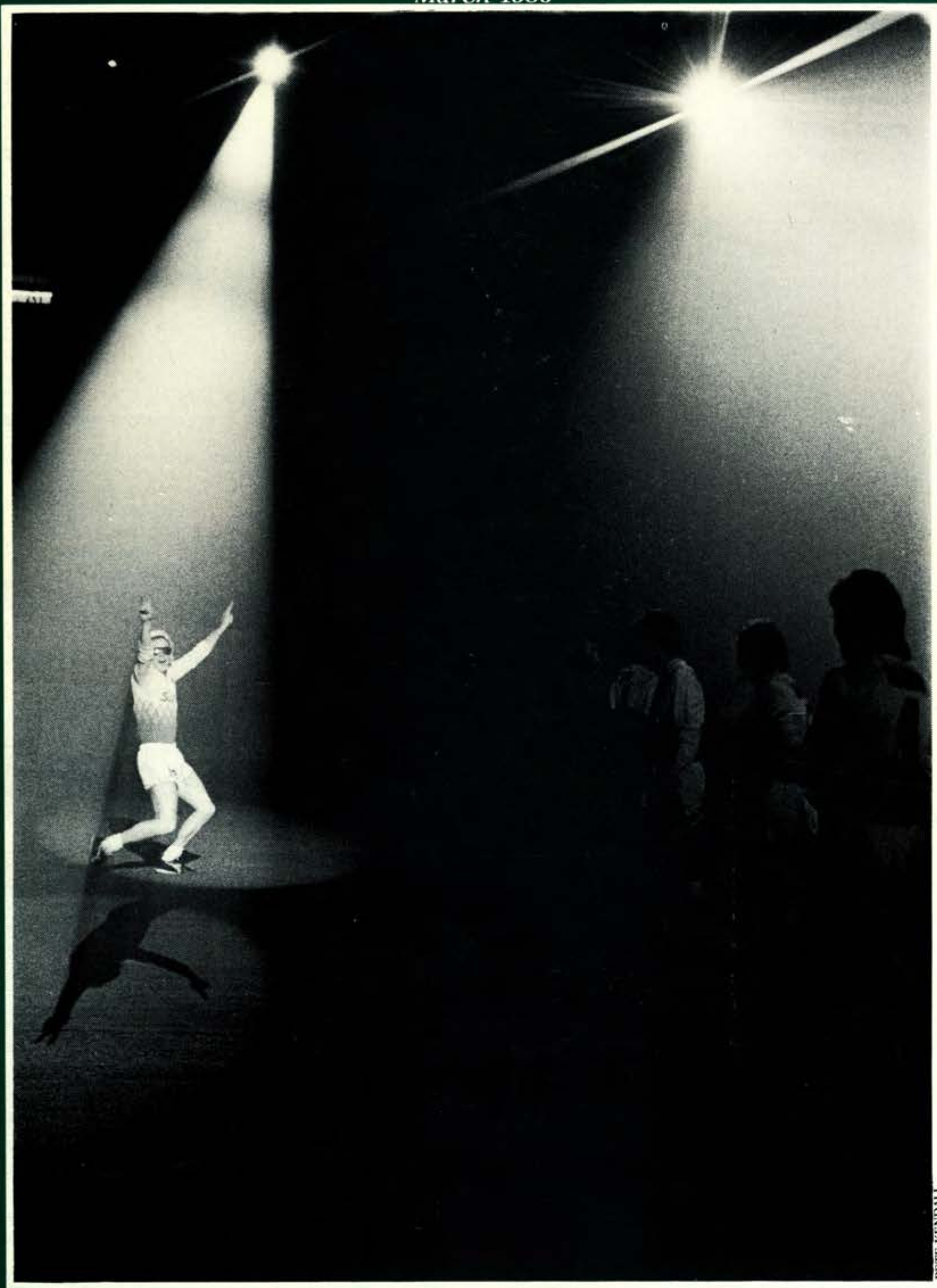
Recommended Citation

Connolly, Mark, "Klipsun Magazine, 1986, Volume 17, Issue 04 - March" (1986). *Klipsun Magazine*. 86.
https://cedar.wwu.edu/klipsun_magazine/86

This Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Western Student Publications at Western CEDAR. It has been accepted for inclusion in Klipsun Magazine by an authorized administrator of Western CEDAR. For more information, please contact westerncedar@wwu.edu.

KLIPSUN

March 1986



PETE KENDALL

*The New Soccer
Fairhaven Gets a Face-lift
Bellingham's Womencare Shelter*

KLIPSUN

Editor
MARK CONNOLLY

Managing Editor
JEFF BRAIMES

Story Editor
JOHN G. PURCELL

Photo Editor
TIM CHOVANAK

Art Director
PADDY BRUCE

Graphic Design
DEBRA SQUIRES

Typesetter
LIISA HANNUS

Adviser
CAROLYN DALE

Business Manager
JON DIACK

Staff:

John Atkinson
Holly Blomberg
Kolby Cain
Donna Davis
Boni Etter
Pamela Floyd
Michelle Giebel
Naomi Jarvie
Jeff Keeling
Pete Kendall
Laura Long
Tim Mahoney
Therese McRae
Chris Moench
Thimas Mosby
Gary Nevan
Ric Selene
Ken Swarner

Special Thanks to Yumiko Higashinakano,
Galen Biery, Sue Hilleary, Margaret
Louden, Dave Ellison, Ken Anderson

Klipsun is a Lummi Indian word mean-
ing beautiful sunset.

Klipsun is a twice-quarterly publication funded
with student fees and distributed free of charge.
Klipsun welcomes letters, manuscripts and art
submissions. All should include the author's name,
address and telephone number. Klipsun, Western
Washington University, Bellingham, Washington
98225. (206) 676-3737. Printed at WWU Printing
Plant.

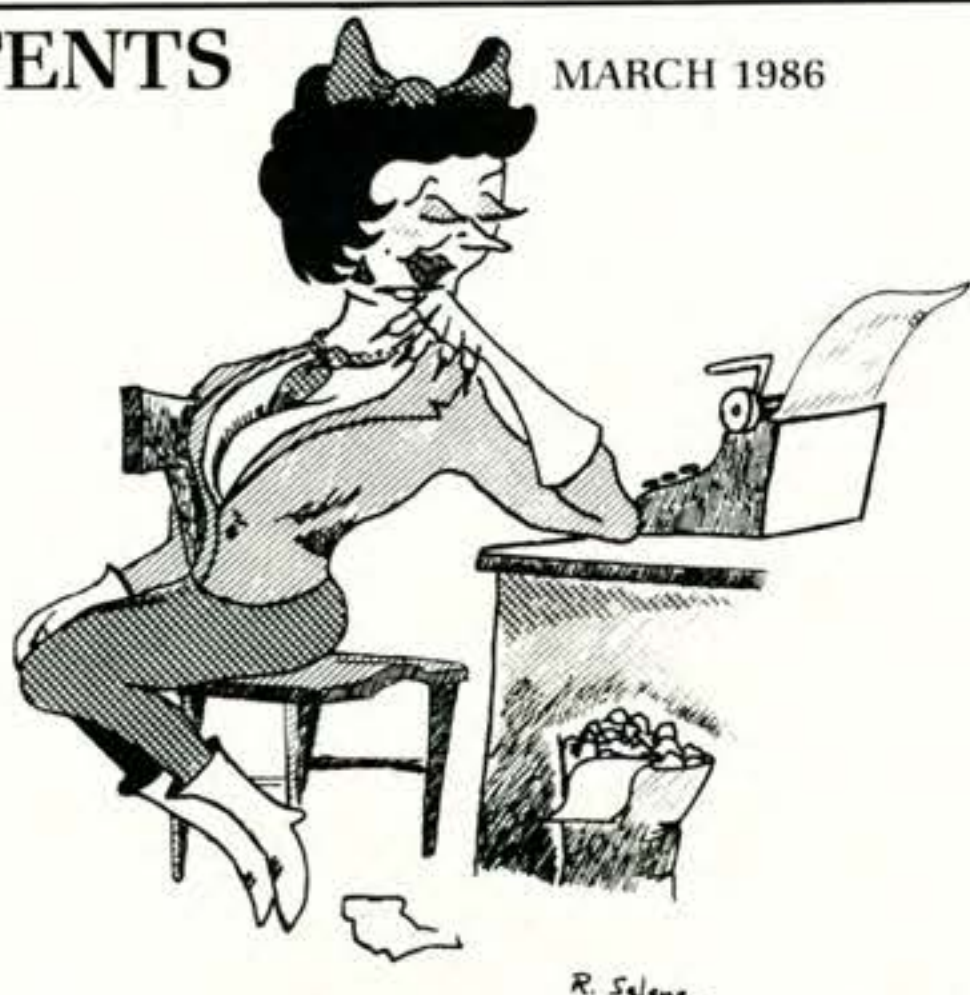


Copyright© 1986 by Klipsun.



CONTENTS

MARCH 1986



4

EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT HOW TO . . . *How to Talk to Your Television Set," sex researcher Xaviera Goodlips and more.*

6

THE NEW SOCCER: INDOOR BEATS OUTDOOR TO THE BALL *The old European game is picking up speed in indoor America.*



10

SHELTERING THE BATTERED AMONG US *The Bellingham Womenscare Shelter offers women a way out of abusive relationships.*

14

FAIRHAVEN'S NEW OLD LOOK *A wealthy entrepreneur restores the old Fairhaven District with renovated enthusiasm.*



18

A CHAMPION WITH EMPTY HANDS *With time on her side, Bellingham's Kim Friedl kicks, punches and chops her way to the top.*

21

ROAMING TO THE HEART OF THE HIGHLANDS *An ancestral daughter visits her clan castle.*

26

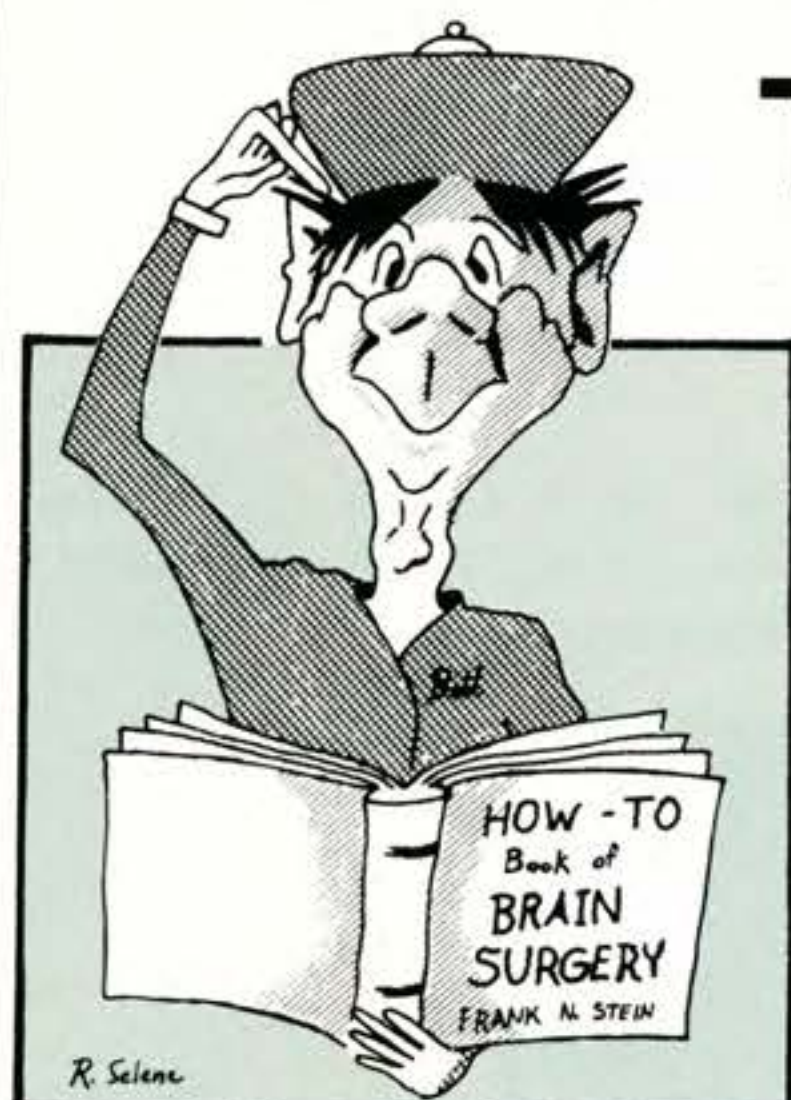
WHEN STUDENTS ARE RIGHT, CAN PROFESSORS BE LEFT? THE SIEGE ON FREEDOM IN ACADEMIA *Conservatives clash with college profs over the sanctity of the lectern.*

30

THE HYPE STUFF *EDITOR'S NOTE: A counter-reaction to the tragedy of the space shuttle Challenger.*

EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT *HOW-TO...*

by Boni Etter



IT WAS WHILE PAWNING MY WAY THROUGH A mildewing laundry hamper that I discovered it. A green patina slimed the cover. The pages were damp, the corners curled and a strange “mummy-cloth” odor hung in the air. I wiped the cover with my kamikaze shirt. Like a genie disarming his master, the title suddenly popped out—“How to Get Organized.” I was lost in a land of “how-to” oblivion.

The world stopped. Laundry molded. Toast burned. In my hands lay the answers. My fingers trembled as I nimbly pulled the pages apart. God, a “how-to” book!

Ok, so now you know. I am a “how-to” junkie. But, I’m not alone. Every year, millions of books are printed expounding the methods of how to become this or how to do that. Let’s face it, the public must crave this “how-to” experience or so many mini-courses wouldn’t appear on the market. Local bookstore owners echo these thoughts, saying “how-to” books are consistent sellers.

What makes these books so popular? Maybe it is what these books are NOT that makes them so inviting. “How-to” books are not novels, anthologies or literary masterpieces. They fill a need, satisfy a curiosity and are as diverse as milktoast and Lysol.

So, who writes these books? Who reads them? Where can they be found? The research began.

Scanning the local libraries, bookstores, and “Books in Print,” I searched for the unusual, the unique, the creative. I was not disappointed.

First stop—Western’s Wilson Library. I pulled out the card catalog files—two drawers full. It must have been a sign! Hovering over my selection like a vulture awaiting a double-fudge, white-chocolate cow, I drooled. Then, closing my eyes, I randomly selected a title: “How to Kill a College.” You mean to tell me Western has a book on how to kill a college? There were more: “How to Dress Your Dancer,” “How to Watch Football,” “How to Loose Everything in Politics except Massachusetts,” “How to be a Good Communist,” “How to

Become a College President,” “How to Become a Bishop Without Being Religious,” “How to Go to Work When Your Husband Is Against It, Your Children Aren’t Old Enough, and There’s Nothing You Can Do Anyhow,” “How to Make a Jewish Movie,” “How to Control the Military” and “How to Avoid Social Diseases,” among others.

Next, local bookstores. A comparable selection is offered. What can’t be found on shelves is found on computer screens. The list seemed endless but soon a pattern developed.

Say, for example, you hunger to make the all-American fast buck. Why waste all that money on tuition? I suggest these books: “How to Keep Your Car Running, Your Money in Your Pocket and Your Mind Intact,” “How to Get Filthy Rich Even if You’re Flat Broke,” “How to Make a Fortune,” “How to Make a Million Dollars,” “How to Make Your Money Make Money,” and, if after making your millions, you still are not satisfied, you may want to read this book: “How To Loose One Hundred Million Dollars and Other Valuable Advice.”

As you can see, “how-to” books often are aimed at specific audiences. A woman may find just what she needs in “How to Get a Man After You’re Forty.” But she shouldn’t be too hasty, as her man may find an interest in this book: “How to Get Rid of Your Wife and No Court Will Ever Convict You.”

This research has led me to believe that many “how-to” books appeal to the fragile nature of human maladies. What can’t be cured, or constructed, can be eliminated. Unfortunately this is no joke.

A six-volume series of books titled “How to Kill” is pub-

lished by Paladin Press, in Boulder, Colo. The "How to Kill" series includes: lessons that professional assassins have employed, explanations of death-dealing devices developed by the OSS, SOE, KGB and CIA and detailed information on building weapons.

In the preface to the first volume author John Minnery writes, "My only premise is that there are times when one must attack with complete ruthlessness and fight with lethal fury. This fury and ruthlessness must be harnessed and directed to the gravest possible damage—to kill."

Who buys these books? One can only guess. But, according to the receptionist from Paladin Press, the books have been steady sellers for the last ten years. These books are available by mail in the United States. No book in the "How to Kill" series is available in Canada, due to legislation by the Canadian Solicitor General.

You say violence is not your plate of shrimp? You would rather make love than war? These books may be of interest: "How to Make Love to a Man," "How to Make Love to a Woman," "How to Make Love to a Single Woman," "How to Make Love to Each Other" or "How to Make Love to an Extra-terrestrial." And, if all else fails, try "How to Have Intercourse Without Getting Screwed."

Wondering if these books are for real? Yes, indeed. And so are the authors. Researching the obscure, I found a risqué paperback entitled "How to Be a Modern Day Scarlet Woman." In this book the author, Xaviera Goodlips, explains the modern techniques of the dating game. "Demure" is a key word in this book. Curious, I located the author.

Xaviera Goodlips is a housewife, author and sex researcher (Ms. Goodlips does sex research in her garage) who lives in Shelton, Wash. Because she is such a private person, I agreed to an interview at the home of a mutual friend.

Goodlips arrived like a pink panther explosion!

Bright pink, high-top booties wrapped her ankles, snug-fitting purple pants hugged her tiny frame. Her hot pink blazer was buttoned at the navel and around her neck hung a floral suit tie. NO shirt—just cleavage! Her lips were painted same bright pink, and around a mass of black curls, flopped a PINK bow. I reached out to shake her hand. Her fingerless lace gloves revealed long, manicured, you got it, PINK fingernails. I stumbled for the right words and sputtered out, "Uh . . . a . . . PINK!"

Goodlips laughed, her bow flopping precariously to one side. "Oh, this is not pink," she announced, directing her fingers to her colorful frame. "Anything pinky, makes men kinky. This is fuck-me fuchsia!"

I stuttered. Apologizing for my lack of decorum, I explained that I was expecting, maybe, a Dr. Ruth. I asked her how she compares herself to the famous sex researcher.

"Dr. Ruth deals more with the mechanics of sex, whereas I deal more with sexual etiquette." She paced back and forth and pressed a fuchsia fingertip to her chin. "Yes, that's it. I deal with sexual etiquette. For example, there's a section in my book entitled 'How to Be a Technical Virgin.' In it, I explain the proper way to undress for your 'first sexual encounter.'" Goodlips said she considers any sexual encounter with a new partner as a "first."

Remembering this part of her book, I asked, "Isn't this where you advise women to make sure they allow their

partners to only see their good parts first?"

Goodlips giggled. "Yes, that's correct." Then she paused, waved a warning finger in my direction and said, "Of course, that can be very difficult. Especially, if you only have one good part."

Sidetracked, I wondered what my good part was. Pulling myself together I asked her what prompted her to write "How to Be A Modern Day Scarlet Woman"?

"Women's liberation!" she exclaimed. Her hands conversed with the air as she talked, and her tie got lost in her cleavage. "As the result of the Women's Movement, women have become increasingly liberated sexually, while men have not. Liberated women everywhere are finding themselves forced to become modern day scarlet women."

Goodlips explained that it took her a great deal of research to compile her book. "It took me three years to write it," she said. She admitted to being a very dedicated researcher. But, when asked about the sex research she does in her garage, she smiled, pressed one finger to her fuchsia lips, and whispered, "strictly confidential."

I wondered about Mr. Goodlips, and asked how he felt about the fact that she was out in the garage doing all that research.

A twinkle sparked in her eyes, and she tried to compose a serious expression. "Well, when I leave the garage, I try to make it a point not to bring my work home with me."

Thumbing through her book, I noted all the categories of men she describes: Mr. Whoops, Last Chance Lewie, Mr. Gibley, etc. I asked her if she was a man-hater.

"Of course not!" she exclaimed as her cheeks flamed to a bright pink. "Would I devote a whole section of my book to the 'curse of the silly putty penis,' if I really didn't care about men?"


Goodlips said her book was published with the help of a local businessman who wished to remain anonymous. She said that although her book was banned by local bookstores in Shelton for being too controversial, she has had no problem selling her book outside that area. Goodlips said that women and, strangely enough, construction workers love it.

Did she write her book to make money?

"No, no. I'd just have to say that I'm a very dedicated person," Goodlips said, adjusting her bow as she smiled. Then she paused, rolled her tie between two fingers and added, "Although the money's nice. After all, I need a lot of equipment out there in the garage."

For those people who find Ms. Goodlips' equipment too hot to handle, may I suggest you begin your "how to be something" experience with something a little more subtle, such as "How to be a Scientist in Your own Home," "How to be a Successful Failure," "How to Be an Italian," "How to Be a Yogi," "How to Be a Pregnant Father," "How to Be an Alien," or "How to Be Happy Though Married."

You want something simpler yet? May I suggest these basic books: "How to Talk Back to the Telephone Company" or "How to Talk Back to Your Television Set."

After all this research, I still realize that you can't judge a book by its cover, but these two books made me wonder: "How to Get Bitten By a Rattlesnake and Make the Most of It" and "How to Embalm Your Mother-in-Law." 

Xaviera Goodlips is a pseudonym of her own choosing.



THE NEW SOCCER: INDOOR BEATS OUTDOOR TO THE BALL.

by Jeff Keeling

Imagine you are in the goalie box in an indoor soccer game. Six people are running wildly around in front of you, when suddenly a bright red ball rockets into your field of vision five feet away on a beeline for your face. After collapsing to the artificial turf and feeling the ball slam into the net after barely missing your head, you praise the gods for saving your life and shakily rise to your feet. Suddenly your ears are assailed by an indistinguishable babble, and you realize, from the bits of English you catch, that the men wearing the orange shirts are not as happy as you are about your good fortune.

Welcome to the Major Indoor Soccer League.

The MISL is the professional representative of a game that, while basically resembling outdoor soccer, truly is an

American game with exceptional elements. These characteristics create a game with the fast action and high scoring that are popular with North American fans, who did not provide enough support to keep the North American Soccer League, North America's only outdoor professional soccer league, financially solvent. Since the NASL folded two years ago, the MISL is North America's only professional soccer league.

Since the debut of indoor soccer, the sport's popularity has increased enormously. The game was first played in 1974, when a Soviet army team played an American all-star team in front of 13,000 excited fans in Philadelphia. In 1978, six teams played a 24-game season, and the MISL was born. The nationwide league is now in the midst

of its eighth season, having had a total of 26 franchises, 12 of which remain for this season. The Puget Sound region has a representative, the Tacoma Stars, who are in their third season in the league.

The sport is also very popular on the amateur level. Here in Bellingham, the former Bakerview Ice Arena has been adapted for indoor soccer. The arena, owned by Bellingham National Bank, was, until this year, the home ice of the Western hockey club, which could not generate the funds required to pay the lease on the building. It now houses an MISL-sized field that should be kept busy by the 68 teams currently playing in the league there.

In addition to this county-wide league, Western has intramural leagues in the fall and winter quarters, which

draw a large number of participants. Most people who play amateur indoor soccer were already soccer players when they learned the game. Although outdoor soccer did not survive on the professional level in North America, it has experienced continual growth on the amateur level as more and more kids get involved in youth leagues each year.

But why does the well-informed American sports fan know next to nothing about this remarkable game? The answer is simple enough. The game is so new in relation to other sports that it has not had the time to establish itself in the media. Tony Ventrella may mention the Tacoma Stars on the 11 p.m. news, but, knowing little about the game, the viewer likely will choose that time to go to the fridge and grab another brew. The few seconds of exciting footage missed would probably prove incomprehensible, but they may also have sparked interest.

Does the name Steve Zungul strike a familiar chord? Probably not. But, in five of the MISL's first seven seasons, the 31-year-old Yugoslav has won the Most Valuable Player award and the scoring championship. You won't see him peddling Bic razors or jockey shorts, however, because most of the free world has never heard of him. Or how about the New York Arrows? One of the league's original franchises, they won four league titles before folding after the 1983-84 season.

The MISL game is played on a field 200 feet long and 85 feet wide, surrounded by three-and-a-half- to four-and-a-half-foot high boards topped with plexiglass. This gives the field the appearance of a hockey rink covered with artificial turf. Other similarities to hockey include free substitutions, penalty time spent out of play and teams composed of a goalie and five players. The goalie, however, must defend a goal 12 feet wide by six-and-a-half feet high, which becomes quite difficult when the ball caroms off the "extra man," as the boards are known.

A red line runs 30 feet from either side of the center line, and any ball crossing both red lines in the air is a "three-line violation," and a free kick is awarded to the opposing team. An experimental rule being tried this year puts a player in the penalty box for two minutes after

six team fouls have accumulated in one quarter. The game is composed of four 15-minute quarters, with a running clock. Other than the above, the game is played according to the rules of conventional soccer.

Many times, of course, the game must be played under conditions slightly less ideal than those enjoyed by the players in the MISL. Western's intramural games, for instance, are played in the close quarters of Carver Gym D, where the wall can only be used on three sides of the field, and one side must be played with a touch line. Also, in amateur play, the ball used is sometimes covered with fuzz, giving it the appearance of a mutant tennis ball. This is done so the ball won't travel as fast and so it won't hurt as much when it hits a player, which happens quite often.

Jim Hanrahan is the manager of the

"As long as it's soccer, I like it."

—*Western student Jeff Willis*

Cascade Indoor Soccer League (CISL) and also president of the Whatcom County Youth Soccer Association. The idea of an area indoor soccer league is the brainchild of Hanrahan and North Bellingham Soccer Club President Steve Price.

When they first thought of putting together an indoor league, Hanrahan and Price quickly realized that a facility was the number one priority. After contacting the Bellingham Hockey Association, which was having trouble paying its lease on the Bakerview Ice Arena, they ran an experimental league last spring. It turned out to be quite successful, attracting a total of 34 teams. Plans called for a league last summer. But when the Bellingham National Bank repossessed the arena last July, it appeared that Hanrahan and Price were back to square one.

After trying unsuccessfully to locate a buyer, the bank last October agreed to lease the building to the CISL for a three-month period, with an option for another year to be decided at the end of the first three months. So Hanrahan and Price decided to offer a league this winter. The response has been overwhelming. A total of 68 teams are com-

peting in youth, men's and women's leagues, exceeding even the maximum 60 teams that Hanrahan had envisioned entering.

In addition to a men's first division with eight teams and a men's over-30 division with eight teams, there are ten under-19 boys' teams. A six-team division combines women's teams and girls' under-19 teams. The under-19 age group includes ages 15 to 19. There also are two co-ed divisions, with four teams in the first division and six in the second. The rest of the teams are in boys' and girls' youth leagues, with under-14, under-12, under-10 and under-8 divisions. All teams play a ten-game schedule, concluding with tournaments at the end of the season. A game consists of 12-minute quarters, with adult divisions playing with the normal goalie and five players. Youth teams consist of a goalie and six players.

The field the CISL uses is regulation MISL size, and it purchased its artificial turf from the Vancouver (B.C.) Whitecaps franchise when it went under. The CISL field is one of the few MISL-size fields in the state, and Hanrahan is entertaining hopes of scheduling possible exhibitions by the Stars or other top-flight teams. League games are on weeknights, and the facility is open to rent for soccer floor time from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m., Monday through Friday. The cost is \$20 per hour. On weekends, the facility is used for team practices by league teams. In addition, Western soccer coach Bruce Campbell has been working on a college-level tournament to be played on weekends at the arena. Quite a few Western students, many from Western's soccer team, currently are playing in the men's league.

Hanrahan said the league plans to lease the building for as long as possible, but added the bank still is looking for a buyer. At \$420 per team, or \$30 per player, the league should have no problem staying afloat financially in the near future, especially if Hanrahan is close with his estimate of 90 teams signing up for spring play. He expects most of the growth to be in the women's and youth divisions.

While the opportunities are available for the indoor soccer player who can afford it, many Western students have no room in their budget for indoor soccer. Western's intramural program

had its inaugural indoor season in the fall of 1984. Since then, the program has been very popular. In fact, as is the case with many of Western's intramural programs, there have been more teams than spaces. The current league plays from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Saturdays and, because of the lack of facilities, there are only ten teams.

Marie Sather, Western's club sport/intramural adviser, says "the soccer people are a real fun group to work with because of their enthusiasm. I like to give them time, but we have only limited space."

Western's intramural games are composed of ten-minute quarters and, because of the limited space of gym D, teams are limited to five players instead of the customary six. The championship team from fall quarter of this year was the Happy Campers. Jeff Willis, a Western sophomore from Everett, was a member of the Happy Campers last fall. An outdoor player for 12 years, Willis' first exposure to indoor was in a league during his senior year in high school. He admits a preference for outdoor, which he calls "the real thing." But, as he puts it, "as long as it's soccer, I like it."

John Best is the president of the MISL's Tacoma Stars franchise. The team is located in Tacoma because "the point was to put a major league team in this building (the Tacoma Dome)." The Stars are part of an overall effort designed to enhance the Tacoma area and dispel the notion of Tacoma being the industrial armpit of the Puget Sound area. The team is owned by a corporation comprised of 13 local business people with an obvious interest in improving the city's image.

The MISL is comprised of 12 teams in two divisions, with the top four in each division advancing to the playoffs. In markets where it competes with the National Basketball Association, the MISL holds its own quite well, outdrawing its NBA counterparts in Washington, D.C., where the Baltimore Blast competes with the NBA's Bullets, and in Cleveland, where the Cleveland Force outdraws the Cavaliers. In the other competitive markets, teams are close to even in attendance compared to the NBA, except in Los Angeles where the mighty Lakers far outdraw the MISL's mediocre Lazers.



KOLBY CAIN

Although the MISL has not approached either the stature or security of a professional sports league like the NBA, Best noted "this league is in its eighth year, (and) it says a great deal that this league has endured consistently." Best cited the examples of World Team Tennis and the Women's Basketball League as leagues that have risen and folded during the life of the MISL.

The intensity and pace of the game are what make it popular to the fans, who love the many scoring opportunities indoor soccer provides. In the now-defunct NASL, it was not uncommon to see a game with a 1-0 or 2-1 score, with less than 20 shots on goal. A typical

MISL final score is closer to 5-3 or 6-5, with each goalie having to stop 50 or more shots. Another thing making indoor soccer more popular as a spectator sport than outdoor is the hype surrounding the games. To the strains of rock music, the Stars emerge from the back of their goal at home games, partially hidden from view by a dense cloud of non-toxic laser mist that is illuminated by the Stars' own laser. "It's presented as a very competitive sport, but its purpose is also to entertain," Best said.

The game causes players to use quick stops and starts or sprints down the length of the field. This necessitates the

free substitution rule, allowing teams to make use of every player within the game. In outdoor soccer, substitutions usually are limited to injury replacements. This facet of the game also helps make it more popular to Americans, as the American players, who may be less experienced, are guaranteed playing time. The Stars' roster includes quite a few Northwest players, including Tacoma's Jeff Stock and Mark Peterson, Jim McAlister from Federal Way and Seattle's Gerard McGlynn.

The league is very competitive, with not much noticeable difference in talent between the top teams and those whose records are not so good. Except for San Diego, a star-laden franchise, the

difference between winning and losing comes down to tactics and execution. Being a young franchise has worked against Tacoma in one way.

Early in the MISL's existence, players from the NASL often played in the MISL as well, often in illegal agreements between teams from the different leagues. When the Stars formed, this practice had been halted by the NASL, forcing the Stars to look elsewhere for players. On the day the NASL's Seattle Sounders club folded, Best was asked by the Post-Intelligencer if he thought this would provide a windfall for the Stars. He responded by saying the loss to the soccer community of any team is a loss to everyone, and the loss of the

Sounders would not help the Stars since the two teams played different seasons.

Indeed, the two teams played different games. Outdoor soccer has failed to cut a professional niche in the fabric of American sport. Meanwhile, in the '80s, the indoor game is rocketing toward a new goal.

Back in the goalie box, you see another shot coming your way. This time you gather it in and quickly toss the ball downfield to your midfielder, who dribbles through three defenders and snakes the ball past the opposing goalkeeper for another Stars' score as the packed Tacoma Dome shakes with thunder. ○

TACOMA'S STARS SHOOT HIGHER

Before a Jan. 25 game in the Tacoma Dome against the Kansas City Comets, the Stars were in sixth and last place in the Major Indoor Soccer League's western division. With a record of 10-16, the Stars were one game behind the Comets and the Los Angeles Lazers. After a quick 7-4 start that had them in first place, the Stars had slipped drastically in the standings. The playoffs were still within reach, but things had to be turned around. Coming off a win in Pittsburgh, the Stars could pull into a tie with Kansas City and one half game behind L.A.

A fairly small crowd showed up at the Tacoma Dome, and there wasn't much for them to shout about in the first three quarters, as the Comets built a 3-1 lead despite the ball being in their end much of the time. Early in the fourth quarter, the Stars struck back quickly as Tacoma native Mark Peterson netted two goals in less than five minutes. Later, after Tacoma goalie John Baretta had made some spectacular saves, the Stars' young leading scorer, a Yugoslav who goes by the moniker Preki, blasted in the winning goal. The crowd became very vocal during the comeback, shaking the Dome by stamping their feet on the stands in some patented Tacoma "foot thunder." The Stars, last in the league in goals per game, had come through with a big fourth quarter to climb out of the division cellar, or at least drag the Comets down with them.

Prior to the game, Tacoma Stars President John Best expressed his opinion



PETE KENDALL

on the Stars' playoff hopes. "Very realistic. I don't feel satisfied with where we are, and we will do everything we can to improve."

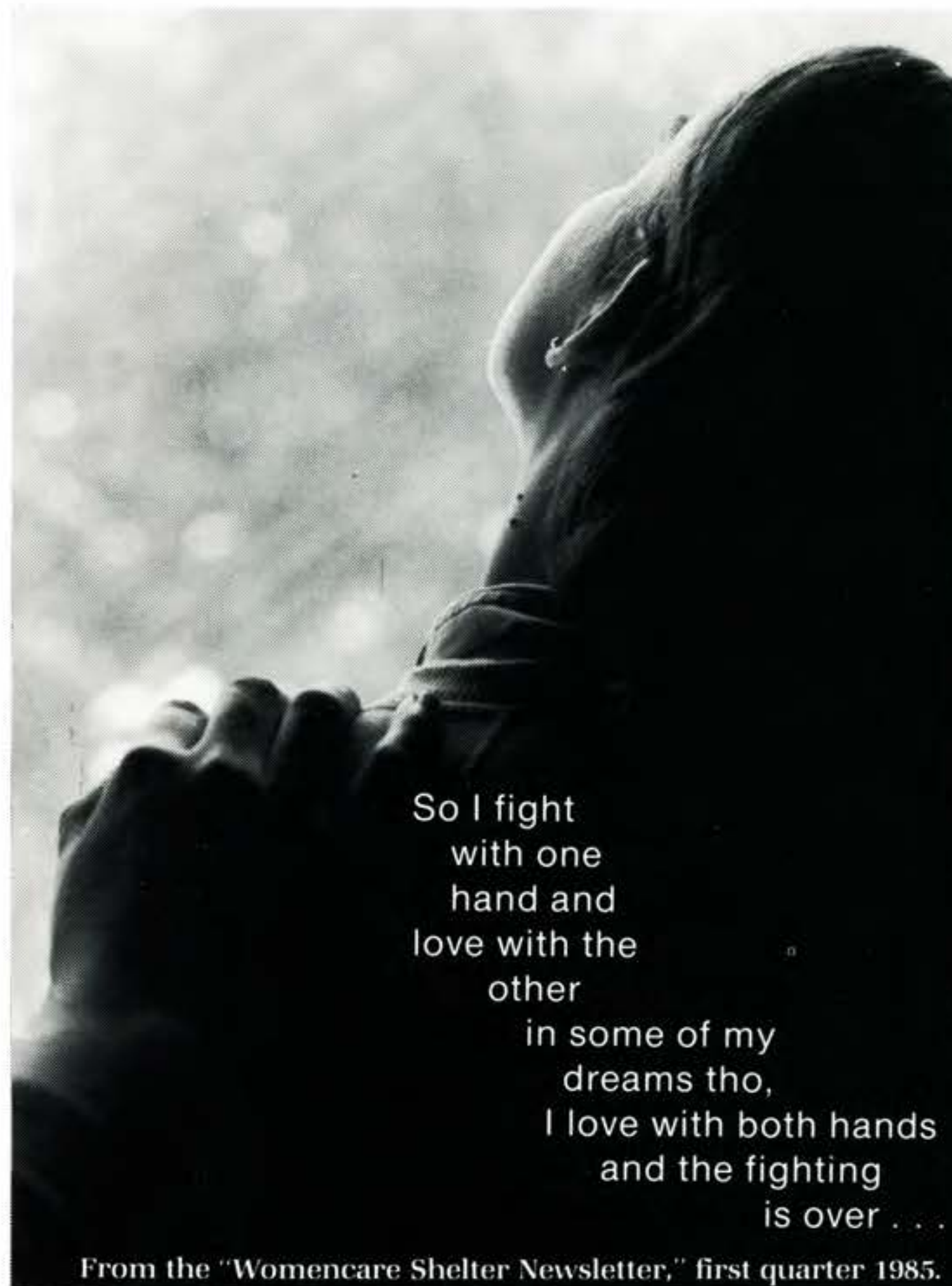
The next week, Best's statement proved to be prophetic. On Jan. 29, Stars coach Bob McNab was fired and replaced by Alan Hinton. Hinton is best remembered as the coach who took the Seattle Sounders to a Soccer Bowl, which was the NASL's championship game. In their first two games under Hinton, the Stars split, losing a tough

overtime contest, 6-5, to second-place Wichita on Jan. 31, and coming back the following night to defeat the Comets again, this time in Kansas City, 7-3.

During the same week Hinton was hired, the Stars were chasing after Steve Zungul, the five-time league Most Valuable Player, who was playing for San Diego. On Feb. 4 they announced the signing of Zungul, who at the time was leading the MISL in scoring for the sixth year. Zungul's acquisition seemed to show the Stars to be a team in transition, dedicated to getting back on the winning track. Unfortunately, the Stars also found out in late January that starting goalie Mike Dowler was out for the season, putting the burden on Barretta, who has performed well since Dowler's injury.

With a winning tendency developing under Hinton, the Stars appear headed in the right direction again. They need the excitement of winning to draw the 10,000 fans a game Best says are needed to keep the franchise operating successfully. With a new coach the team is excited about and the recent acquisition of "The Lord of All Indoor," as Zungul is known, the Stars seem ready to bring more wins to Tacoma fans. ○

SHELTERING THE BATTERED AMONG US



So I fight
with one
hand and
love with the
other
in some of my
dreams tho,
I love with both hands
and the fighting
is over . . .

From the "Womencare Shelter Newsletter," first quarter 1985.

DAWN ERICKSON

by Christopher Moench

On a rainy, wind-torn evening in January, Beth cooked salmon, salad and garlic bread—her husband John's favorite meal. She set the table with candles and put on a pretty dress, the one he had given her after their last fight. The dress was pretty, but not sexy. She didn't want to seduce him. Beth hoped to just keep the evening calm.

Beth had spent the day cooped up in their small apartment, caring for their two-year-old son, Shawn. He had a cold, and the apartment seemed to trap his snotty, frustrated demands till they condensed in a cloud of anguish in Beth's head.

When John came home, tired after a long week teaching English, and a little drunk from a stop at the tavern, Beth could hear the barely controlled anger in his voice. "What's for dinner?" he demanded. She told him. He had been hoping for a steak.

Just then Shawn started crying. His diaper was wet, and he couldn't breathe through his nose. Beth turned to help him.

"Aw hell, can't the kid be quiet? I worked all day and come home to this . . ." In anger, John broke into a yell. "Shut him up and get my dinner!"

"I'll get it as soon as I'm finished with

Shawn. If you want it sooner, you can get it yourself," Beth answered, her own anger mounting.

As she started toward the bathroom carrying Shawn, John grabbed her elbow. "Shawn can wait," he said, plucking the child from her arm and dropping him among his toys on the floor.

"Don't treat him like that!" gritted Beth, as Shawn started to bawl. She bent down to retrieve him.

Just then John pushed her back, away from the child. She fell against a low coffee table, gashing her shin on the corner and bruising her back as she

bounced off onto the floor. John pulled her up, slapped her several times and pushed her toward the kitchen. "You'll do as I say," he growled.

Beth hurriedly brought John his dinner, while the child sat alone, screaming. Then, on the pretext of changing Shawn, Beth went to the bedroom, stuffed a few clothes in a sack, grabbed her purse and, with Shawn in her arms, stole quietly out of the apartment.

The preceding story is a fictional account of an incident of domestic violence. Its components of ongoing coercive violent domination of the woman by the man in an intimate relationship, are drawn from factual descriptions of domestic violence provided by Janice Taylor, Shelter Services Coordinator for Bellingham's Womencare Shelter, and Lenore Walker's "The Battered Woman."

Taylor, a trim woman in her 30s, wearing slacks and a comfortably rumpled blue-striped cotton shirt, described the problem of domestic violence and the services of the Womencare Shelter in an interview at the Shelter's business office in the YWCA.

"Domestic violence and abuse can happen to any of us," Taylor said emphatically. "There is no 'typical woman' who is abused . . . no particular group you can identify as experiencing more violence . . . You can only point out some differences in the attitude and approach a particular social or ethnic group will take in dealing with the problem."

Domestic violence is an integral part of many American marriages. An estimate by the National Coalition Against Domestic Violence (NCADV) indicates that domestic violence occurs at least once in more than half of all marriages. Men commit 95 percent of all assaults on spouses, according to National Crime Survey Data from 1973-1977. Yet, the NCADV estimates that only 10 percent of domestic violence incidents are reported to the police.

Womencare Shelter was opened in 1979 by a group of concerned local women in an effort to address the problems of violence against women. The group's goals were, Taylor said, "to have a safe place that battered women could go, and to have an organization concerned with social change . . . working

to educate the community about violence against women, particularly domestic violence and battering."

While the legal definition of abuse is that the person must have experienced physical assault, or the threat of imminent bodily harm, the Shelter's definition is broader and includes a range of sexual and psychological battering.

"If a woman turns to us seeking help, we don't question that she has been abused. We believe her story. In fact, since people tend to minimize the severity of the abuse they have received, we generally assume that it's worse than they tell us," Taylor said.

"Safety is a key aspect of sheltering," she stressed. "Womencare's primary mission is to provide safe refuge to battered women and their children . . . That is why the Shelter is in a confidential location. Nobody can find them (the women) there unless they want to be found."

On the local level, from January to November, 1985, the Bellingham Police responded to 696 domestic violence calls—roughly two every day. During 1985, Womencare provided shelter services to 110 women and 150 children and answered more than 500 calls on the Shelter line. The average stay at the shelter was just over eight days, according to statistics provided by Womencare.

The majority of women helped by Womencare are young mothers from low-income families. Women aged 16 to 78, however, and from all locally represented cultural and economic classes, have stayed in the Shelter or used its counseling services.

A frequent factor in the physical and psychological control the abuser has over the woman is financial. Thus, Taylor observed, although women with larger incomes are more likely to travel to relatives, friends or stay in a motel, restricted access to their money may force them to turn to public shelters, such as Womencare. Womencare never turns away women due to inability to pay. The Shelter charges six dollars a night to women and two dollars a night for each child, up to a total nightly charge of twelve dollars. Residents may work off their bills through volunteer work for Womencare or through other donated services.

Also, Taylor said, women with higher economic and social status may be less likely to report abuse when it occurs and more inclined to stay in an abusive relationship that a lower-income woman would leave. Upper-income women, particularly those with few working skills to fall back on, have more to lose—economically and socially—with the termination of their relationship.

For a woman like Beth, the decision to leave would be the culmination of a long struggle to maintain the relationship in the face of her mate's increasing violent efforts to control her day-to-day existence.

Though the specific events involved in relationships deteriorating into abuse are exceptional to the circumstances of each relationship, there are two patterns of behavior which Taylor said are generally true of all battering relationships: containment and social isolation. Speaking over the melody of the Forest Street traffic playing freely through the open window of the office, Taylor explained, "containment operates largely at the subconscious level, and is justified by the abuser with sexist philosophy involving rigid sex role definitions." Generally he will demand extreme accountability for day-to-day, even minute-by-minute, activities. "Beneath these demands lies the threat of violence," Taylor explained.

Social isolation develops as the result of containment. The woman's isolation usually evolves gradually as, simultaneously, the man jealously demands his partner's full attention and puts contact with other adults, her family and friends, off limits.

"A common misunderstanding people have of women in abusive situations is that they just passively take the abuse," Taylor observed. "I don't see these women as passive at all. Rather, they are actively directing their energy toward making sure he feels 'OK,' thus, hopefully, minimizing his outbursts. She is actively working for her own survival."

Drawing pensively on a cigarette, Taylor illustrated the containment pattern with the story of a recent shelter resident. In her married life, the woman had kept a long list of jobs her husband required her to do each day prior to his return from work. As the time of his

arrival drew near and the listed tasks remained unfinished, her anxiety grew in anticipation of his anger.

Containment and social isolation are enforced with physical and psychological abuse. The spectrum of physical abuse, also called battering, ranges from threats, which may not be carried out, to all types of hitting, kicking, sexual assault or other physically painful or humiliating methods.

"It is a mistake," Taylor said, "to think that battered women are seldom severely hurt." The statistics underline her statement: The FBI Uniform Crime Reports for 1982 indicate that one in four murders were women killed by husbands or boyfriends. Twenty percent of women seeking emergency medical services were battered, according to "Medical Therapy as Repression: The Case of the Battered Woman," by Evan Stark and Anne Fitchcraft.

Though physical battering is initially the most dramatic and obvious form of abuse, psychological abuse often has the greater impact over the longest period.

Taylor said, "psychological abuse involves the systematic destruction of the woman's self-esteem, telling her over and over that she's worthless and that it's her fault. The techniques used are similar to those used in brainwashing prisoners of war. The difference is that, for POWs, the procedure is quick and obvious. In an intimate relationship, the attack is over a prolonged time and the reason for the abuse may not be apparent even to the abuser."

The inevitable question that arises about women in abusive relationships is: Why don't they leave? If he is really treating her that badly, often threatening her life and the lives of her children, what is the motivation to stay?

Terminating a relationship isn't like changing dirty dishwater for clean. People have a lot of time, dreams, money and social status wrapped up in their relationships. Taylor estimates that two-thirds of the women who come to the Shelter eventually return to their abusers.

Many law enforcement people find this common pattern for abusive relationships frustrating, Taylor said. "'She's just going to get back together with him,' they say, as if the fact that she is in an abusive relationship is some-

how her fault because she goes back with him . . . You can look at it in different ways. Either she is dumb to go back to this abusive man—everyone can see he's a jerk! Or you can see that she is maintaining hope that the relationship will work out—she is trying, giving him a break.

"Because they want the relationship to work out so badly, it is common for the batterer and the woman to minimize and, sometimes, deny outright that abuse is happening. 'The woman's tendency to minimize the abuse,' Taylor said, 'is reinforced by her fear of the abuser's revenge should she seek help.'"

The potential danger of revenge, and the woman's fear of it, are the primary reasons, Taylor said, that Womenscare Shelter takes pains to maintain the secrecy of its location. The Shelter is moved every two years. Incoming women must sign a confidentiality statement that they won't reveal its location.

Yet, getting the abused woman to leave her situation only is a first step in the process of stopping the abuse. Once the woman safely has arrived at a shelter, she must decide either to eventually return to the relationship or to permanently leave it.

To address the questions that arise from this dilemma, Womenscare has developed a range of services, which start with providing food and secure housing at the Shelter, or an alternative safe-house, for women and their children for up to four weeks. Also available is legal advocacy, which involves providing information regarding legal processes, such as obtaining protection orders, and referrals to attorneys in the community. Individuals and groups can receive "advocacy-based" counseling.

"For the woman coming out of an abusive relationship, the most important thing we try to do is raise her self-esteem. We help her recognize that she has choices in her situation, that she isn't trapped, and that she can find community and legal support for changing her situation," Taylor said.

"Advocacy-based counseling (a term developed by the Washington State Shelter Network) begins with the assumption that the woman is basically mentally healthy. It isn't something

about her character or personality that caused her to land in an abusive relationship. We assume that she is a thinking person, able to make choices. Her 'problem' is that someone has committed violence against her," Taylor said.

The counseling focuses on building the woman's self-esteem, and assisting her in dealing with the practical problems associated with her situation. These problems may range from obtaining immediate medical attention for battering injuries and legal assistance in obtaining a "protection order," which restrains the abusive person from having contact with the victim, to long-term assistance in finding housing, child-care and employment.

Working on a broader, community-wide level, Womenscare's educational out-reach program endeavors to increase public awareness of domestic violence, creating a social environment where awareness and admission of the problem is more acceptable. For example, people from Womenscare recently spoke to a group of clergy members, to help them identify abusive families and provide appropriate services.

Apart from four paid staff who organize and administer funding and personnel, and generally coordinate Womenscare's programs, Womenscare is entirely staffed by volunteers. Women volunteers staff the shelter around the clock, provide the advocacy-based counseling, answer the Shelter phone and perform a medley of other tasks required in the operation of the Womenscare services, from helping with fundraising events to book-keeping.

While Womenscare uses no male volunteers in direct contact with the abused women, or on its board of directors, men are welcomed in supporting roles, to primarily help with fundraising efforts. "We like men to bake things for bake sales," Taylor said with a laugh.

In a more serious tone she continued. "Men who are concerned with domestic violence, and about ending violence against women, should take those concerns to other men. If violence against women is a 'women's issue,' then doing the violence is a 'men's issue' and men need to take responsibility for that.

Rocking back in her chair and blowing smoke out the window, Taylor



reflected on how effectively Women-care is meeting the needs of abused women in the community, and how the social environment in which domestic violence occurs is changing.

"Womencare provides shelter services to more than one hundred women and usually twice as many children every year. Certainly we don't serve all the battered women there are in Whatcom County. The Domestic Violence Program at the Crisis Center also provides counseling services to battered women. I'm sure together we still reach only a minority of the women out there that need help. But I think it has gotten a lot better over the last few years, in terms of people knowing that shelter is an option—knowing that there are numbers they can call.

"Events such as 'The Burning Bed,' a nationally televised film about battering during which local crisis and shelter

line numbers were displayed, have helped to stimulate a national trend toward awareness of the problem, too," Taylor reflected.

"Child abuse has been a big national issue for several years now, and that is often connected with domestic violence. About half of the Shelter residents at any given time are children. They have all witnessed, or at least know about the violence in their home," Taylor said. "Also, about half of the children have been neglected or abused or both, by one or both of their parents at some time."

NCADV statistics indicate that of the children who witness domestic violence, 60 percent of the boys eventually become batterers and 50 percent of the girls become victims. Further estimates are that 73 to 90 percent of male abusers were abused as children. "Child abuse and domestic violence are really con-

nected," Taylor said.

"Some progress in the struggle to mount a strong, society-wide campaign to end domestic violence is being made," Taylor said emphatically, crushing her cigarette. "It was the direct result of work by women in the sheltering movement to educate law enforcement people, and in lobbying the legislature, that the 1984 Domestic Violence Protection Act was passed." According to the "Womencare Shelter Newsletter" for the fourth quarter, 1985, "the Act provides for the the issuing of a 'protective order' for the abused individual, can award the victim temporary, immediate custody of minor children, and grants the abused individual use of the residence without having to file another lawsuit." In addition, "the Act requires law enforcement officers to arrest an individual who knowingly violates the provisions of the protective order, and to arrest when an assault has occurred, even when there is no restraining order."

Currently, abusive men in Whatcom County are referred to the Anger Control Training program, which is run as a part of Whatcom County Crisis Services. This, with the efforts of organizations such as Womencare, still falls far short of the effort needed to finally end the cycles of domestic violence that are so deeply embedded in American society.

"Over the long-term," Taylor said, "the changes that are needed to actually stop violence against women require changes in societal attitudes about how people are supposed to act in intimate relationships. That involves changing the ideas of what it means to be a 'real man' or a 'real woman,' and changing attitudes toward violence itself. . . . Violence is generally accepted in American society. If you consider the popularity of films such as 'Rambo' and 'Rocky IV,' those attitudes are getting worse. Combine that with the commonly acknowledged discrimination against women at various levels of our society, and you have some of the root causes of domestic violence right there. Men and women are just playing these popular images and social inequalities out on an intimate level." ☉

If you are a woman suffering from battering, or know someone who is, call the Womencare Shelter at 734-3438, or the Shelter's business office at 671-8539.

FAIRHAVEN



FAIRHAVEN'S NEW OLD LOOK

by Gary Nevan

"Fairhaven's time has come." Those words by developer Ken Imus describe the current scene in the Fairhaven business district. In just five years, the picturesque south-side community has been transformed from a sleepy, historical district into a thriving business environment, attracting people to a variety of retail shops, restaurants and theaters. The man whose longtime dream has been to refurbish Fairhaven into a turn-of-the-century shopper's paradise finally may see his vision come to life.

Imus, a retired businessman from California, has had a gnawing ambition since the early 1970s to renovate the numerous brick buildings he owns in Fairhaven into an Old World village market atmosphere, similar to Pioneer Square in Seattle or the Gastown district in Vancouver, B.C.

Imus' first acquisition, the Marketplace building at 12th Street and Harris Avenue, quickly was renovated in 1973 to house a variety of retail shops, most specializing in crafts. The Marketplace was adorned with expensive antiques Imus collected from around the world, including a hand-blown crystal chandelier from Italy.

But the grandiose plans didn't stop at the Marketplace. Imus envisioned a covered skybridge connecting the Marketplace building to the Waldron Building across 12th Street. Underground tunnels would weave from building to building, allowing visitors to shop protected from the rain. An 800-seat theater and ice skating rink would presumably entertain children while parents shopped.

Not everyone, however, was thrilled with Imus' redevelopment plans. Bellingham merchants questioned Imus' business sanity for undertaking such a costly project with no guarantee of success. Also, grumbling arose from Marketplace tenants and other renters, unhappy over Imus' unfulfilled promise of full capacity and promotional assistance.

Imus also was having difficulty with the project contractor, Stu Heaton, who sued Imus in 1976 for breach of contract concerning the Marketplace addition: a proposed five-story, 50,000 square-foot brick structure that still stands half-finished, resembling the skeleton of a parking garage. Heaton's action against Imus included charges of failure to make payment, refusal to devote adequate attention to the

design and construction phase of the work, failure to secure sufficient financing for completion of the work and failure to fulfill numerous promises concerning the project that caused the construction to proceed at an irregular and slow pace. Imus followed with a countersuit, charging Heaton with fraud.

Imus and Heaton, close childhood friends, had worked together on numerous business endeavors in the past, and apparently felt an oral contract would suffice for the Fairhaven project. The men had no written, legal agreements with each other.

After reprimanding both men for not having a firmer agreement and understanding, the judge in the case ruled in favor of Heaton.

The court decision, coupled with a declining economy and growing discontent among his tenants, caused Imus to back away from the project and retreat to California to rethink his goals.

"After that I stayed away for about five years," Imus said. "I was fed up and lost my enthusiasm for the project. I said to hell with it. I was receiving very little support for my plans," he recalled.

John Hauter, owner of Fairhaven Bicycle Shop since 1971, recalled that when he first located in Fairhaven, the area basically was a run-down hang-out for members of the counter-culture.

"Back then, Fairhaven attracted young people with no money and lots of energy," Hauter remembered. "Rents were cheap, \$100 a month, and you could live in the Marketplace building—I did. Then Ken Imus came along with development plans and people started to get concerned," he noted.

A confrontation erupted between established counter-culture groups, who liked Fairhaven's empty buildings with rustic shelter and low rents, and the wealthy semi-retired businessman with redevelopment plans.

A few of the young businesses managed to survive during Fairhaven's lean years.

Tom Oyen, owner of the Chimney Sweep, said he thinks the reason so many Marketplace businesses failed was due to a lack of business skills.

"Many of the people in the Marketplace were fine craftspeople, but lousy businesspeople," Oyen remarked. "They had little knowledge of how a business should be run, and ultimately paid the price."

"Imus brought in people who were doomed to fail," Oyen continued. "The rent was cheap, but with no elevator in the building and inadequate facilities, they dropped out one-by-one due to lack of business."

Fairhaven remained fairly dormant until the early 1980s, when a strong core of retail businesses was established.

"Tony's Coffee and the Village Bookstore generate a lot of activity in Fairhaven," Hauter remarked. "Business thrives on business. It's a spiral effect."

Hauter said he feels there is a willingness on the part of Imus to encourage new business.

Bill Servais, a local dentist and president of the Old Fairhaven Association, agreed.

"Fairhaven's commercial district is certainly on the rise—no question about it," he said. "There's a tremendous difference between 1975 and now."

Servais said he believes Imus is responsible for much of the renewed interest in Fairhaven. "The restoration of the old post office building, across from the Nickel Building, helped. And it shows that Ken Imus is once again serious about expansion and commercial growth," he remarked.

Servais also is convinced that the efforts and promotion by the Old Fairhaven Association have had a lot to do with Fairhaven's growth.

"The Association has been very active in various promotions, like the Fall Festival and Christmas at the Marketplace," Servais said. The retail space in the Marketplace was donated by Imus.

On a rainy Friday night, Imus worked inside the dusty confines of the partially renovated post office building.

"I've been here since 5:30 this morning and only took a half hour break for dinner," Imus proudly proclaimed, glancing at his watch. It was 10:15 p.m.

Wearing dirty overalls, leather work boots and a red baseball cap, Imus hardly looked the part of a millionaire developer.

"I'm having a great time," he said. "You can only play so much golf. And my wife told me to get out of the house, so here I am," he said laughingly.

The Bellingham Fire Department considered the post office building a fire hazard, not to mention an eyesore, and Imus was told to either clean it up or tear it down.

"This building was rotted out," Imus said, pointing to the floor, "and the city informed me, rather forcefully, that I was going to have to do something about it. Once I got involved in it . . . seeing all this activity around here has me really excited again. Dozens of people told me to just bulldoze the damn thing down."

"But I guess I'm a little hard-headed, and I said to myself, 'I'm going to make this the cutest building in Fairhaven'."

Imus has succeeded in making the building a beautiful model of 1890s architecture. Antique stained-glass doors and windows adorn the rear of the building, all collected by Imus on antique hunts around the world. An authentic wooden telephone booth from San Francisco sits near the front of the building, awaiting installment.

When asked why Fairhaven seems to finally have blossomed after all these years, Imus remains silent for a few moments. "It's amazing what is happening," he began. "I'm not absolutely sure I know why. It has evolved, due perhaps to Tony's, the theaters, the restaurants. Four years ago, this area was dead. Now I'm turning prospective businesses away. I have no more ground-floor space left for retailers."

Imus has plans for a two-story retail building to be constructed on the corner of Harris Avenue, next to the newly renovated building. He also is discussing with city engineers the possibility of refurbishing the ground floor of the Waldron Building. "I've already dropped about \$32,000 on brickwork alone on that building," Imus explained. "I'd like to see something come of it."

Looking out at the people milling about Fairhaven's streets, Imus remarked, "I stayed away for five years, layed low for a while. I was disillusioned. Now I'm back, and I'm very enthusiastic about Fairhaven's future. Fairhaven is a nighttime place. The momentum is here."

FAIRH



Mark Twain stayed at the Fairhaven Hotel in 1895, while on a lecture tour. The hotel, formerly on the northeast corner of 12th and Harris, was torn down in 1955.

Almost a century before it housed the Video Depot, a bank and post office occupied the Nelson Building around the turn of the century.



The southside hi

The Good Earth
shops and office

A proposed add
pleted, after a la
contractor.



TIM CHAMBERLAIN

AVEN



was being cleared and settled in 1910.

Building in Fairhaven houses small businesses,

ion to the Marketplace Building was never com-
suit erupted between the owner and the building



GLENN MARZANO



A mud-luscious Harris Avenue in 1890. The brick building in the center is Tony's Coffee today.



TIM CHAMBERLAIN

The Waldron Building, at 12th Street and McKenzie, stands today as only a shell of its former self.





A Champion With Empty Hands

by P. Floyd

Karate is "kara" (empty) and "te" (hand). It is self-defense without a weapon other than the self.

The Washington Karate Association's school in Bellingham is not hard to find. Trophies line the full-length windows at 109 Prospect St., next to the Whatcom Museum of History and Art. Inside, more of them meet the eye. Medals of all sizes, shapes and colors hang on the walls, and the shelves are laden with trophies of silver and gold.

The dojo, or place of study, sounds hollow as you walk in. It echoes with the commanding voice of the sensei (instructor), the swishing of gis (garments) and the *kia* (shouting) of the students as they practice. The students whom sensei Charles Wixson is training range in age from 10 to 45. The men and women, locked in eye-to-eye contact with their partners, follow each other back and forth across the wood floor, learning to block, to punch, to kick.

Everyone looks a bit damp from a combination of sweat and the rain outside. The windows are steamy, and bamboo shades inside screen the rows of trophies in the windows.

A petite (5 feet, 110 pounds), pretty woman with short, brown hair and brilliant brown eyes works out with swift punches and kicks. When she punches, with her fists closed tightly, her arms extend speedily and stop abruptly in a straight perpendicular line from her body. She performs a *kata* (routine) that is similar to a dance. She jumps and turns in the air, her feet hit the floor simultaneously with a commanding stomp.

This woman is Kim Friedl, a gold-medal World Cup karate champion.

Karate is an amateur sport. In 1988, it will become part of the Olympics. But for now, the World Cup is the highest competitors can go. To get to the World Cup, Friedl went through a series of competitions. First she had to place in Washington State, then regionals, consisting of all states west of Mississippi. She had to qualify as one of the top four

YUMIKO HIGASHINAKANO



KOLBY CAIN



KOLBY CAIN

finishers in the nationals because of these four, only two are chosen to represent the U.S.A. Karate Federation (USAKF) in the World Cup.

There are two variations of karate. "Kata" is the solo form, or a simulated routine, comprised of offensive and defensive techniques. The person performing the routine imagines multiple opponents and acts upon them. "Kumite" is fighting or sparring with an actual opponent.

Friedl, along with Linda Marquardt and Kathy Jones, went to Hungary in March, 1984, to compete in the Federation of United Japanese Karate Organizations World Cup. They were second only to Japan, and brought back a silver medal for synchronized kata. Not long after their victory, Friedl made the USAKF.

Her most arduous fight came next. She went to Maastricht, Holland, for the World Union Karate Organization (WUKO) World Cup in October, 1984. "I didn't know what to expect, but I kept thinking I have to do it!" she said enthusiastically. She came home with a bronze medal.

During the summer of 1985, she traveled to London to compete in the World Games but did not do well. With an apologetic tone, she explained, "I hadn't been training enough, and I wasn't ready. But it was a good experience. It helped me figure out how stupid I was and to not do it again."

Friedl trained every day, sometimes twice a day, before going to Budapest, Hungary, in October, 1985, to take part in the WUKO World Cup. She went with conviction. "I had confidence. I went to win. I could feel it." She won the gold in kumite in the under-53 kilogram (about 117 pounds) division and surpassed any other U.S. woman in her field.

Although Friedl is a champion, she has to pay for her own traveling expenses. She now lives, works and trains in the Bellevue area. She is an assistant manager at Natural Selection, a clothing store in Bellevue Square, supporting herself and allowing her to save some money for travel. She also accepts financial help from her family and friends. She admits she is very grateful for the help, but always is wondering whether or not she'll have the money for international karate competitions.

Ten years ago, at the age of 12, she began training under Charles Wixson at the Bellingham dojo. Wixson, a short, balding man, has clear, honest eyes underlined by a neatly trimmed beard and a mustache. He is soft-spoken, but has the tone of a man in command of his words and actions. He remembered Friedl had a lot of spunk when she first showed up.

"Kim was clumsy. She wanted to try too hard, but had no coordination." He leaned forward to rest his arms on his desk as he stressed that her coordination developed as she trained. Friedl commented that karate was quite confusing at first. She was so nervous and scared about it that she wouldn't go to practice without her sister.

Friedl enjoyed many different sports in school before taking up karate. She remembers running around the halls of Carver Gym after gymnastics practice when she was in junior high. She also was involved in track, but found her niche in karate.

Friedl graduated from Bellingham High School in 1981. She pointed out that karate was much different than other sports. "It was more of a challenge," she commented. "That's what

made it fun."

Friedl said that karate helped form her personality. She explained that "90 percent of karate is mind. It's like a mind game. You pick up the way they move, their rhythm."

Wixson said he tells almost no one that he's a karate instructor. Some of his best friends don't know. Friedl and Wixson agree; one's frame of mind is a very important part of karate.

Wixson mentioned that Friedl is the best because "to be the best you have to have everything going for you, and Kim does. She has the natural skill and dedication of an excellent athlete. She also has excellent instruction—the greatest," he modestly announced.

Wixson was trained by Julius Thiry, who is president of the Washington Karate Association, the national coach for the USAKF and an international referee. Friedl now trains under Thiry in Bellevue. She calls him "shihan," which means instructor of instructors. Thiry is a sixth-degree black belt (there are eight degrees) and is well-known world-wide as a trainer.

Thiry is Hungarian and one of the highest-ranking Caucasian shihans in the world. He is a very important role model for both Friedl and Wixson. "Everything I've done, I owe to him," Friedl admits. "I couldn't have done it without him."

His effect on Wixson is obvious. Although Wixson was born and raised in the Pacific Northwest, he has a Hungarian accent that is, he confessed without hesitation, from his former trainer.

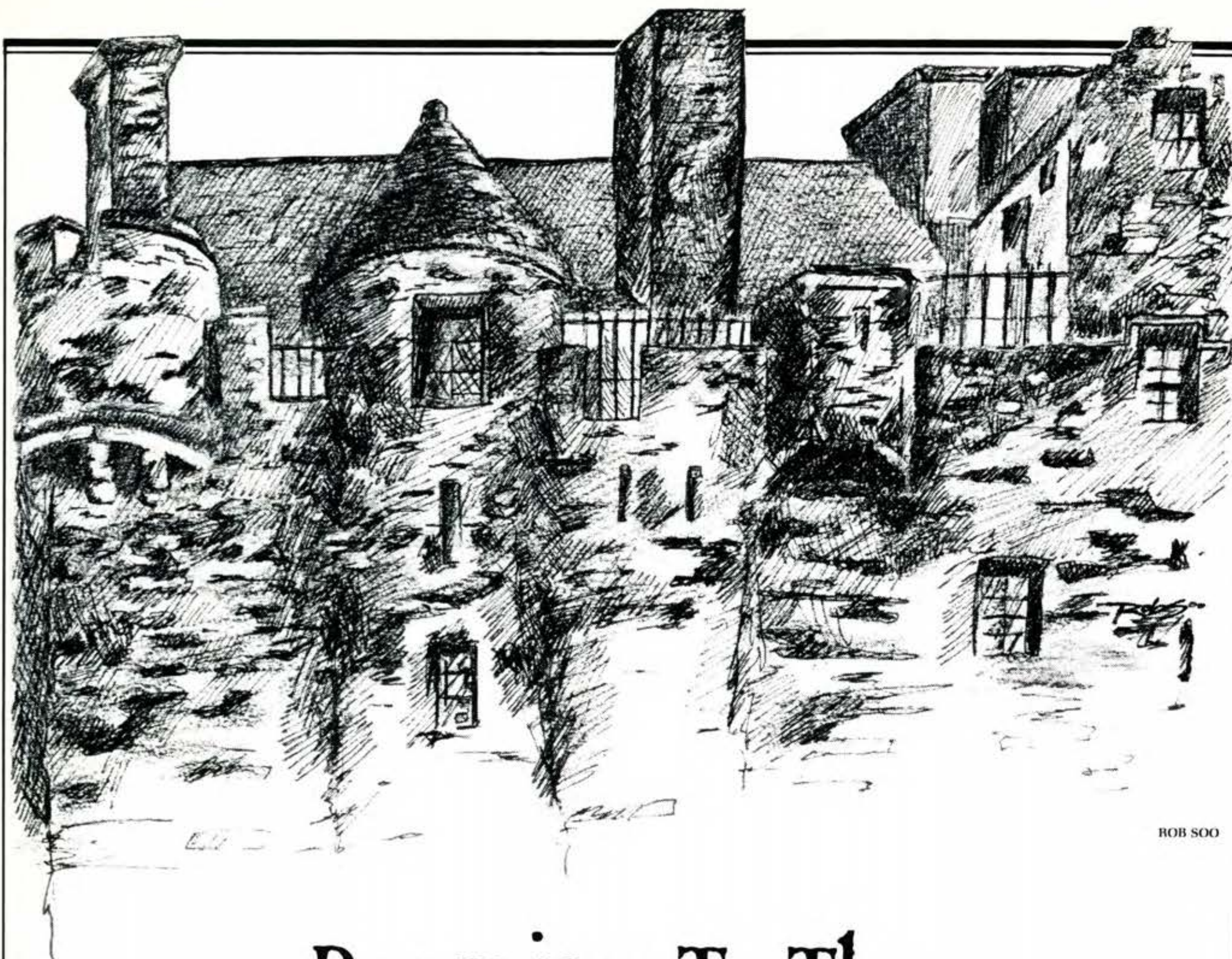
Sensei Wixson was a gold-medal winner at the 1980 World Cup in Osaka, Japan. He won nine world and five national titles before deciding he'd quit competing and concentrate on training. He recently added up the number of classes he's taught since then, and came up with about 10,000. "It sure beats working!" he remarked with a chuckle.

Wixson teaches his students as equals. If a girl asks why she has to practice with a boy, he asks her which sex she plans on having to protect herself from. He said they never have wanted protection against another female.

Friedl asserts that if men feel differently about her when they find out her karate expertise, she immediately decides they are not her type. "They wouldn't know anything about it if they felt that way!" she exclaimed. She affirmed that her career is karate, and, although it is not her full-time job, she enjoys teaching it. She teaches a kata class and helps out in the Bellevue-area karate schools, but doesn't plan to teach full-time for awhile. She exclaimed, "I've still got at least 10 years left in me to compete!" ○



MICHELLE GIEBEL



ROB SOO

Roaming To The HEART OF THE HIGHLANDS

by Therese McRae

The sinuous highland road made another bend, and suddenly the castle appeared—squat and massive, crouching on its miniature island in northern Scotland. It was a fortress, and it looked like one—harsh lines and sharp angles; no graceful turrets or lofty spires. Small, but formidably built, it had proven itself nearly impregnable over its 750-year history. The keep thrust itself into the air like a clenched fist. The time-darkened stone walls seemed to absorb the light.

Eilean Donan castle is named for the island on which it stands. "Eilean" means "island" in Gaelic, and St. Donan was the religious hermit who lived there during the period that Christianity was introduced to the Hebrides Islands, off the Scottish coast.

For more than 500 years, the castle has been the stronghold of the MacRae clan. Kintail, the region in Scotland's northwest highlands where the castle is located, has been home to the MacRaes for centuries, surrounded by colorful, treeless mountains on three sides and

the lapping sea on the fourth.

My name is McRae. My great-great-grandfather, when he came to the United States, dropped the first "a," thinking the name sounded more American without it. I had come from London to see the castle with the vague notion of finding my roots.

In the village of Dornie, a neat cluster of whitewashed buildings a quarter mile from the island, a sign in the window of a wood-frame house read: "Mira House—Bed and Breakfast."

My knock was answered by a very

short and stout woman in a cotton housedress. Her gray hair was gathered into a bun. Her dark eyes regarded me frankly and with a touch of suspicion. On the way up, I had entertained a few misgivings about "clannish" highlanders, and I was a trifle nervous.

The woman's name was Mrs. Gray. She charged seven pounds (about ten dollars) a night. She showed me to a tiny room, half taken up by a single bed with a three-inch thick goose down quilt, the other occupied by a wardrobe. A window looked out on the sea, part of the village and the mountains, but the castle was hidden by a thick stand of trees.

I unpacked, and went over for a closer look.

A ninety-foot causeway of grey stone joined the island to the shore. A pair of iron gates, open as if in welcome, were set in the columns at the causeway's end, and in the center of the gates was the MacRae crest, a metal plaque bearing a lion beneath by two stars.

Eilean Donan is situated at the junction of three salt lochs—Loch Duich, Loch Alsh and Loch Long—a strategic position which allowed the occupants of the fortress to control all sea traffic in and out of the lochs. Except for the road and the toy-like village, terrain and fortress look much the same as they must have when the castle was built.

The tide was out and the castle quiet. The only sign of life in the area was the villagers who crouched on the rocks in the shadow of the fortress, picking snails off the wet stones and putting them in buckets.

I crossed the causeway and walked around the castle. At the foot of the keep, a cannon rested, facing the village. Sparse tufts of grass surrounded it. The entire castle looked as if, instead of having been built, it had grown out of the island from a seed of granite.

Above the massive wooden door, the iron teeth of a raised portcullis could be seen. A doorbell had been installed and, next to the great portal, it looked naked and incongruously modern. I rang and waited. No answer. After another push on the bell brought no response, I began to feel the situation was hopeless. I had traveled all the way from London only to be repulsed at the door like some ancient invader. The castle was closed for the season.

The walls towered above me. A dense

cloud cover had blown in from the sea. I walked around the fortress, but the only other entrance was tightly locked. A turn of the cumbersome iron ring yielded nothing but more frustration.

Back in the village, I went to a cafe a few paces up the road from Mira House. It was one cosy room, with bookshelves lining one wall, a picture window that looked out on the road and Bob Dylan playing on the stereo.

The proprietor brought minestrone soup, a piece of bread and a cup of cappuccino, rich and foaming with milk.

His name was Patrick. He was about 40, amply built, with a thick, gray beard, pleasant blue eyes and a soft voice. He didn't show surprise at my presence, nor did his girlfriend, Maggie, when she came in a few minutes later. She was about Patrick's age, a dark-haired woman with hazel eyes and a low, husky voice.

Within a few minutes I found myself telling them the reason for my visit.

Maggie turned to Patrick. "I'll bet Mrs. Kennedy would take her through. Don't you, Patrick?"

"Sure, I don't see why not," he replied, adding "if she likes your face." I resolved to do everything in my power to make my face as likeable as possible, though I had no idea what that might involve.

Maggie suggested it would be a better idea to go tomorrow. It was beginning to get dark.

A couple of hours later, in the pub of the Dornie Hotel, I asked for a dry cider. The girl at the bar reached behind her and produced a bottle of Woodpecker and a glass. When I took out my wallet, she said, "It's already been paid for."

I looked around the laughing, chattering group that crowded the room, but no one owned up. Since I had arrived, the hospitality had been such that I had only paid for a single round. The evening had started with coffee and whisky—excellent Scotch whiskey, as smooth as cream and cheaper than beer. The cider had come then—tart, sweet and immensely refreshing, even when served unchilled.

The pub was a small room, not more than 10 feet square, filled with a huge wooden bar, lively conversation and smiling faces. A fireplace blazed in the corner. Some of the men wore kilts.

Maggie introduced me to everyone who came through the door.

"This is Therese McRae, from America."

"Och, a MacRae."

"Come to see the castle, have you?"

"We get MacRaes from all over the world up here."

The pub was full that night, explained Maggie, because a wedding had taken place in the next village and the dance was to be held in Dornie. Would I like to go?

"I'd love to, but I didn't bring anything fancier than the clothes I'm wearing," I said.

"Oh, I've got plenty of things you could wear." She looked me over. "You're about my size. Come back to the cottage and we'll get you fixed up."

The cottage—a two-story, white-washed stone structure—was a three mile drive from Dornie. Two thick blankets hung over the inside of the front door to keep in the heat, which was supplied by a monstrous wood stove in the kitchen. The kitchen was the warmest room in the house and the center of activity for Patrick, Maggie and her 13-year-old son, Solomon.

In the comfortably cluttered bedroom, Maggie handed me a white blouse, a black velvet blazer, high-heeled black boots and a floor-length tartan skirt with a heavy pin fastened near the hem. The pin, she explained, was not to fasten the skirt shut, but rather to weight it and keep it from flapping open. She was pleased with the result. "Go show Patrick," she said, and I went down the steep, narrow staircase and into the dark kitchen where Patrick sat reading.

"You look great," he said, smiling.

Maggie called, "I don't know what to wear!"

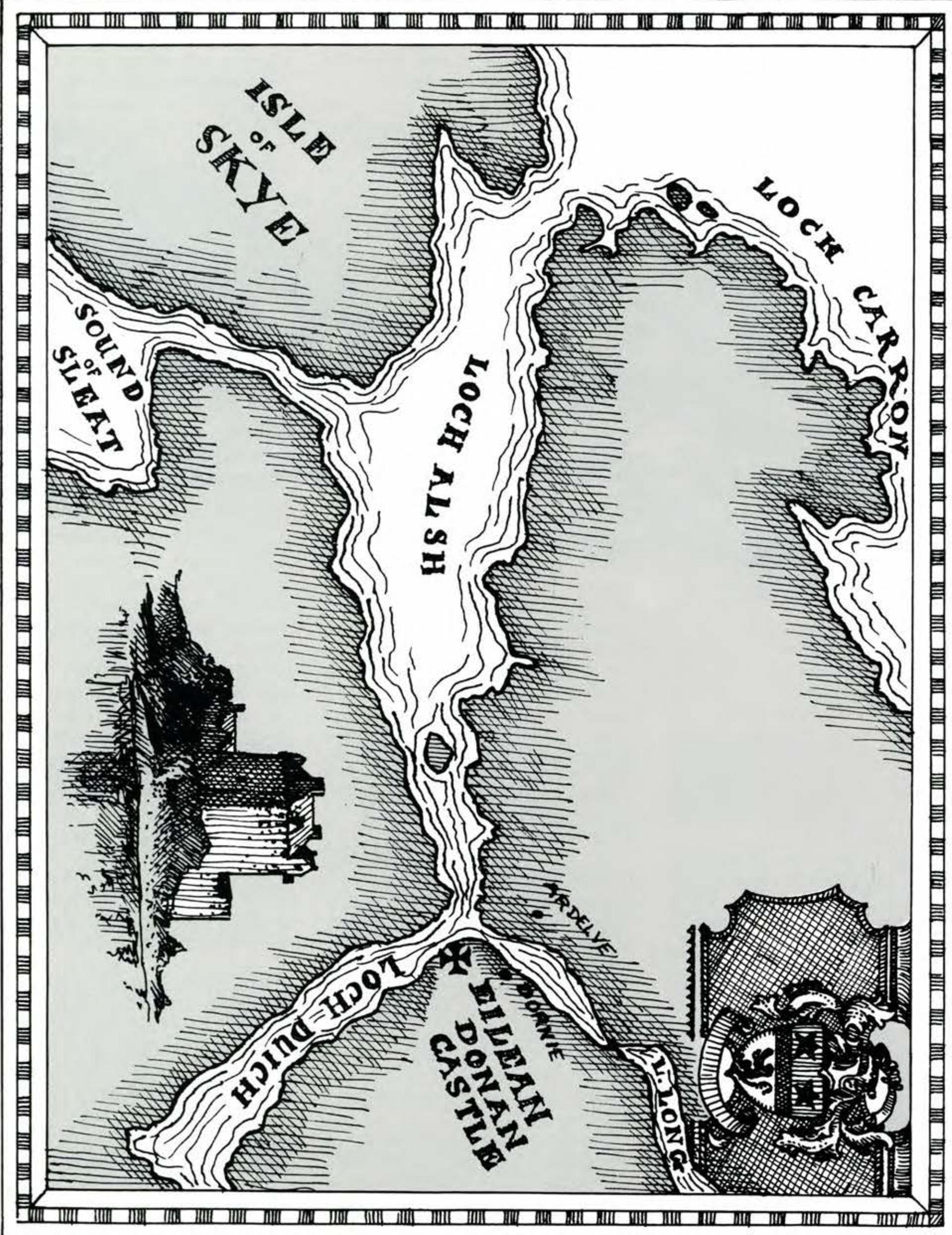
Unconcerned, Patrick replied, "You've got plenty of nice things."

"Patrick, this is serious!"

Eventually, Maggie settled on a white jumpsuit and we went to the dance.

The large hall was brightly lit and crowded. A band (no bagpipes, but two accordions) was playing and a foot-stomping reel was in progress. The bride and groom danced in the center of a clapping group, she in a white gown and he in a kilt.

Maggie said "that's a MacRae up there with the guitar," pointing to a



DANA MOORE



husky, dark-haired fellow with an old acoustic. "And that's one behind the bar." The MacRae behind the bar, another dark-haired lad, set up another round.

We drank, talked, drank some more and listened to the band. Maggie drifted off. Patrick bought another round. "You're incredibly lucky to live here," I said to him. "I'd love to be able to stay."

"Why don't you?" he asked.

"Oh . . . it's impossible . . . at the moment."

Patrick sipped thoughtfully at his beer. "No—you'd be surprised at how simple it really is. You just stay."

I took another pull of cider and considered the prospect of staying—really staying, simply not getting on the bus when it came back through Dornie. The idea was tempting. Too tempting. It was time to put the brakes on the cider consumption.

I danced one reel with a young man who wound up giving me a lesson in the

middle of the song ("Okay, now go to Willie! Good! Now go to John!") and decided it was enough. It was getting late, and I'd been imbibing good cheer for roughly six hours.

The walk to Mrs. Gray's involved crossing an unlighted bridge, mainly by the sense of touch and the reassuring side of the bridge. I stood in her tiny backyard, which faced the sea, and listened to the wind howl across the lochs. Maggie's kilt flapped wildly about me. The castle was a dark silhouette hunched on its island.

I turned and went inside. The house was unlocked—people in Dornie didn't bolt their doors. I slept soundly beneath the goose-down quilt.

Breakfast was served at 8:30 the next morning. In the dining room, the table was set for one. There were three kinds of cereal, a pitcher of milk so thick it was more like cream, jam, marmalade, a basket of toast and a pot of tea. Mrs. Gray appeared with a plate of eggs,

sausages and ham.

I met Mrs. Kennedy two hours later. She was a tiny, frail woman, with spun-sugar white hair and nearsighted brown eyes behind thick-lensed, wire-frame glasses. She had been caretaker to the castle for years, looking after it when the present constable, John MacRae, wasn't in residence. In the summer months, she led tours through it.

My face must have passed the test, for she agreed to take me into the castle. She came across the causeway to meet me, a ring of keys jingling at her belt.

She motioned up at the portcullis, telling me it was the last of its kind in Scotland. Above the door, a Gaelic inscription had been carved into the stone, and Mrs. Kennedy translated:

"As long as there is a MacRae inside There will never be a Fraser outside."

The inscription symbolized the friendship of the MacRae and Fraser clans, who had followed the ancient

custom of exchanging children among themselves; the children would be raised, then sent back to their families when they were adults. This practice cemented good relations between the clans, and sometimes within the clans, when the chief would turn over a child to one of his people to bring up.

Mrs. Kennedy produced a key from the cluster, opened the door and gestured for me to precede her.

The courtyard had several levels. Grass, nearly as plentiful as stone, sprouted from every crack.

Up a small flight of stairs, then down two steps, was a broad platform that commanded an excellent view of Loch Duich. This, probably, was where the cannon had stood. The courtyard was open to the sky except for an area a bit to the right of the platform—covered, but with small openings—and facing Loch Long and Loch Alsh. Perhaps the defenders had paused to reload weapons here.

To reach the keep, I had to cross the courtyard and climb a flight of stairs. Here the plan of the fortress became apparent: should the outer walls fall, the defenders could withdraw into the keep.

Inside, Mrs. Kennedy flipped a switch, and the Billeting Room was illuminated. A barrel-vault ceiling, two-and-a-half feet thick; walls fourteen feet thick, terminating in slitted, leaded glass windows; and in the center of this room where officers had gathered, a highly polished Chippendale gaming table, surrounded by seven matching chairs. Portraits lined the walls and there was more fine furniture, some of it draped with the ancient MacRae tartans in their subdued burgundies and blues.

In one alcove, a painting leaned against the wall: MacRaes, dressed in belted tartans, dancing on the castle's lead roof before leaving to fight at the battle of Sherrifmuir. It was an ill-fated battle for the clan, which suffered heavy losses and, it is said, left behind fifty widows in Kintail.

The castle itself, Mrs. Kennedy said, had actually been built by the powerful MacKenzie clan, of which the MacRaes were vassals. So faithful was their service—they were known as the "MacKenzies' Coat of Mail"—that the MacKenzies made them constables of

Eilean Donan castle in 1509, approximately 300 years after it was built.

The MacRaes remained in the castle until 1719, when three English ships attacked and, through superior firepower, devastated the castle. A cache of gunpowder stored inside was ignited by a blast from one of the ships, and the fortress was blown into ruins.

For two hundred years, Mrs. Kennedy said, the remains of the castle lay neglected on the island. Then, in the early twentieth century, it was restored. In his sleep, Farquhar MacRae saw a vision of Eilean Donan rebuilt to its former magnificence, and, with the aid of Lt. Col. John MacRae-Gilstrap, the dream was made reality. From 1912 to 1932, the castle was reconstructed, exactly as it had been, at a cost of 250,000 pounds.

Today, the grandson of John MacRae-Gilstrap is the constable, and lives at the castle part of each year. Mrs. Kennedy speaks of him with affection. As she talked, we climbed a short, twisting flight of stairs and came into the Banqueting Hall. These two rooms are the only ones open to the public, she explained, because getting a group of people through the entire structure would "simply be too big of an undertaking."

The Banqueting Hall was larger than the Billeting Room and much more sumptuous. The ceiling was of heavy oak timbers, and from its center hung a circular iron chandelier, directly over the table. The table was big enough for a man to lie down on, and polished to a water-like sheen. Ten handsome Windsor chairs surrounded it. The floor, also, was of oak.

More MacRae portraits lined the walls, including one of John MacRae-Gilstrap, the builder, an imposing man in a kilt, with a thick mustache and a sober expression.

Mrs. Kennedy walked over to a corner in which stood a glass-fronted case. Inside were several relics of Bonnie Prince Charlie including a lock of his hair and a letter from him to the clan chiefs, asking their support when he raised his standard at Glenfinnan.

On the floor lay several swords, taken from above one of the doors. "Can I lift one?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "but you may get your hands a bit messy." The swords had been greased. I took one up anyway,

and was surprised at how little it weighed.

I had lost track of time. We had been in the castle for nearly an hour, and now the light that passed through the leaded glass panes was weaker, bringing on the long highland night.

As we left, Mrs. Kennedy paused before a door just inside the main entrance. She pulled out the keys again. We went into a tiny room, about five feet by three feet, almost completely filled by a wooden table and a desk. Its distinguishing feature was the narrow slit in one wall, which enabled the occupants of the room to see whoever was outside the portcullis.

The ring of keys came out for the last time, and the castle was locked up again.

It was nearly dark. The bus would arrive in another hour. Maggie had gone to a neighboring village on an errand, but Patrick was in the cafe. He brought me some minestrone soup and a ham sandwich, and more of the good cappuccino.

In the past couple days, I had run up quite a bill on these items, especially the coffee, because neither Maggie nor Patrick ever seemed to have time to manage the cash register when I tried to pay them. Now, when I tried to reimburse Patrick for the tab, he shook his head and refused. Instead of taking my five pounds, he gave me a paper sack containing two more ham sandwiches and an orange soda. "In case you get hungry on the bus," he said.

He walked with me out to the stop. A cold wind had sprung up and the sky, mostly black, was streaked with dark blue. It looked as though it would rain.

The bus pulled up. I grasped Patrick's hand, and as I got on the bus, he leaned around me to say to the driver, "Take care of her." The doors closed.

As the bus pulled away, it began to rain in earnest. The driver nodded his head in time to the polka music that played on the tape deck, and I leaned against the window. Eilean Donan disappeared, a dark fist on its island, and the bus turned the corner into the night. ○

WHEN STUDENTS ARE RIGHT CAN PROFESSORS BE LEFT?



DANA MOORE

The Siege on Freedom in Academia

by Jeff Braimes

A stunning young maiden or a be-draggled hag with a nose like a boot. They share the same drawing, but cannot be seen simultaneously because one's jaw is the other's lip. It's a mind trick, an illusion of sorts, and experts say which one you recognize has a lot to do with your personality, your character.

A different angle, a different perspective. A simple lack of oneness of thought that inevitably leads to twoness. However, all issues are not illusory, nor are they simple. Abortion and nuclear war are not simple issues. Neither is the issue of academic freedom.

Academic freedom, stated quite

simply, is the freedom for accredited individuals to profess knowledge in their area of expertise without fear of reprisal or censorship. This definition generally is accepted by members of the national academic community, but remains controversial.

What exactly is reprisal? What constitutes censorship? Do they imply the firing of unorthodox professors, the forced re-design of their curriculum or the public condemnation of those who refuse to conform? These are the ambiguities that obscure a cut-and-dried picture of the situation and prevent a clear forum for debate.

Certain targeted professors nation-

wide are up-in-arms currently in a self-defensive measure against what they portray as attacks on their academic freedom. The assertive body is a group that claims to be acting in the name of the very same academic freedom.

The group is called Accuracy in Academia, Inc. Although the organization was incorporated in 1984, it didn't actually get rolling until last year. The tremendous media waves, however, generated since mid-1985 have more than amply compensated for its slow start.

"AIA is seeking to heighten awareness on college campuses of factual accuracy," AIA chairman and founder

Reed Irvine said in a telephone interview from his Washington, D.C. office. "We are searching for simple honesty."

Whereas the pursuit of simple honesty is not something that would be expected to raise voices in the hallowed halls of academia, a portion of the American professoriate objects strongly and loudly to AIA. The range of the complaints is wide, and includes everything from "fascist spying" to "Nazi-like suppression of ideas." The most common objection, however, is something much more fundamental: what gives them the right to criticize me, anyway? What about my academic freedom?

"There are university procedures to govern student complaints of professors," said Arizona State University political science professor Mark Reader in a phone interview from his Tempe office. "The classroom is the place to air disagreements with a professor—on the spot."

Reader easily could be the most zealous of the AIA busters, probably because he has been one of its most popular targets. In October, Reader was contacted by AIA regarding his "Political Ideologies" course in which, AIA later reported, he devoted an "excessive amount of time to his crusade to bring down the curtain on the nuclear age." Reader was featured in a set of articles in the AIA newsletter, *The Campus Report*.

"Quite certainly," Reader said, "the threat of nuclear extinction affects political thinking. The capacity to destroy humankind is a political reality."

However, Reader was far more concerned with the broader implications of AIA's interest in him than actually debating how much time should be devoted to nuclear war in a political ideologies course. Reader was concerned that his academic freedom was in jeopardy.

"They infiltrated my class," he complained. "Analytically speaking, AIA is mounting a fascist attack. Their tactics replicate fascist methods—it's really an act of terror. The trust is broken and jeopardized by AIA's kind of actions. The faculty doesn't feel free to speak, students don't feel free to ask." He paused. "Accuracy in Academia is a threat to students, faculty and the entire academic enterprise."

Reader's accusations directed at AIA

run diametrically opposed to the procedures and philosophies stressed by Irvine as being the foundation of his organization. As a new and privately funded body with only one full-time employee, AIA has no capacity to actively chase down professors spewing "inaccuracies" in America's classrooms. Instead, it relies on sympathetic and conscientious students to report professors whose practices attract AIA persecution.

"AIA is a journalistic enterprise," Irvine said. "It depends on student participation. We've received hundreds of letters from students wanting to help; and when we are organized, we will contact them."

Organized or not, Irvine and AIA have reacted to some letters, like those complaining about Reader. Upon receiving such particularly urgent correspondence, AIA will contact the professor to discuss the "problem." If the professor recognizes his "errors," and seems prone to academic repentance, the matter is dropped. Otherwise, AIA "goes public" with the issue, which might include publication in *The Campus Report*.

However, Irvine and company have not been met with the hero's welcome they may have expected as Bringers of Truth. In fact, AIA has been knocked by a wide variety of critics, from the *New York Times* to Secretary of Education William Bennett.

"Its focus on individual professors will, I believe, divert attention from the real problem," Bennett said in a letter to Irvine, which was published in *The Campus Report*. "I continue to think it's (AIA) a bad idea."

What Bennett might have meant by the "real problem" was not clear in the context of the letter. What is clear, however, is that "accuracy" and "simple honesty" are not the only objectives of AIA. Never has there been any mention that Reader was relaying false information to his students; it simply was the wrong right information. What AIA was, and still is, concerned about is equal time. And equal time equals content, which is a far deeper, more dangerous and loaded issue.

In the same issue of *The Campus Report* as Reader's public literary flogging were two stories about pornography (one in a human sexuality

course, also at ASU) and four concerning Marxism. This "heavy dose of Marx" is indicative of AIA's general attitude concerning Marxism and the potential threat it poses to American free enterprise. The threat of world socialism is an overriding concern of AIA, and Irvine is upfront about his attitude.

"Marxism has brought more misery to mankind than perhaps any other modern body of ideas," he said, quoting Joseph Epstein, editor of *American Scholar*. "I deplore Marxist and Leninist ideas."

For some people, this bias against what is recognized academically as a legitimate economic system for study leaves AIA with little credibility as an accuracy-enforcing organization.

Western philosophy professor Hugh Fleetwood is a member of the Association of American University Professors (AAUP) executive committee, and said he sees AIA's red dread as "a fantasy."

"I don't know how many Marxists there are around," he said, "but if there are 10,000 (a figure published by *The Campus Report* as the number of Marxists preaching socialist values in the American education system) then certainly there are hundreds of thousands who are not. I don't see it as a great threat."

Across campus, in his spacious Old Main office, Western President G. Robert Ross nodded in agreement with Fleetwood.

"The university setting should play host to all kinds of views and ideologies," Ross said. "A variety enriches educational enterprise. All views should be, and are, discussed, and I have a strong commitment to that."

Ross said he doesn't know how many Marxists are teaching at Western, but said he feels no threat of their influence here.

"There are people in all facets of society who teach and preach Marxism—lawyers, teachers . . . Some people feel threatened by this, but I don't."

Irvine disagreed with Ross. "Marxist ideas are being crammed down the throats of America's college students by professors who are detached from modern realities," he said.

Fleetwood gives students more credit than Irvine does.

"I don't see it (Marxism) as a danger,"



DANA MOORE

Fleetwood said. "My impression is that students are intelligent enough and have the ability to recognize and question the views they hear from professors."

But whether AIA is justified, or perhaps even right in its methods and intentions is of no consequence when considering the potential popularity of its type of movement. With the political, economic and social environments in the United States currently engaged in a gradual side-step shuffle to the right, academia has followed.

One example of an AIA-like phenomenon is an independent newspaper, called the Washington Spectator, published at the University of Washington.

On a journalistic plane far above The Campus Report, which is produced by the only three AIA staff members and edited by Irvine, the Spectator is graphically pleasing and well-written. It is also slanted and reactionary. The paper covers such aspects of campus and national news as conservative politics, Christianity and condemnations of certain UW professors in its articles and editorials, often presenting a sarcastic, if entertaining, picture.

The Spectator runs ideologically contrary to "underground" publication principles, which usually are those of extreme radicals undermining a conservative establishment. In the UW's case, however, the established university press, the UW Daily, is much closer to that traditional underground definition.

Spectator Editor John West said "the Daily doesn't take itself seriously enough," and labelled its unprofessional style of journalism "childish."

"Our goals," he said of the Spectator, "are to provide a forum for the conservative viewpoint on campus, and to foster debate on campus other than a screaming match."

At least one area in which the Spectator differs from AIA is in its declared objectives. Whereas AIA indicates accuracy, the Spectator admits to a desire, indeed a demand, for equal time.

"Professors must be encouraged to present a variety of information," West said in a phone interview from his home in Auburn. "They have a duty to make sure students know the facts, even if they don't necessarily coincide with their viewpoints."

The backbone of the Spectator philosophy of academic freedom is the responsibility portion of any "right."

"Freedoms have attached duties," West said. "Academic freedom implies a duty. Professors are in a situation of guidance. We don't care if the professor voices his own opinion, as long as he presents the opposing views. Students have a right to study different areas and make up their own minds."

One recent attack by the Spectator against a reportedly one-sided forum was made against UW professor Cherry Johnson. She teaches a women studies course in Lesbianism, which the Spectator tagged as "a social hour where those of like mind can meet, have their consciences stroked by being told that they are indeed normal, and possibly exchange phone numbers."

Another target is psychology professor David Barash. He teaches a course called "Psycho-Social Aspects of Nuclear War," which has been the subject of the sustained wrath of the Spectator.

"I'm fairly outspoken about my views and the course," Barash said from behind his desk in his UW office. "I instruct from an admittedly peace-movement perspective. I'm sympathetic to opposing views, but don't devote equal time to them."

"I've been clear about it from the start," he continued. Barash has been through the standard, lengthy process of three curricular review boards for approval of his class. The course is in its third year, with 125 students enrolled. Last year he had 85 students, the year before there was 35.

So, the question becomes one of educational priorities. The Spectator, representing the concerned conservatives, is politely demanding equal time and fairness. Barash, as ambassador to the reluctant left, is saying no, that accurate, if unbalanced, information and popularity of the class will simply have to do.

"It (the Spectator) is indicative of a national trend of lack of respect for academic freedom—a right-wing trend toward the suppression of education taking its cue directly from the White House," Barash said. "It's an intellectual straightjacket."

In the UW public affairs office, Dean of Graduate Public Affairs Hubert G.

Locke agreed with Barash.

"This is the same kind of nonsense we had in the McCarthy era, typified by the gross exaggeration of facts. Beyond that, it is a notoriously disgraceful attempt to raise a specter that is not very real in American academia," Locke said.

He also agreed with Barash that right currently is accepted as right—that conservatism is the trend. "An absolutely disgusting one," he added.

Back in Arizona, Reader also agreed with Barash. "AIA claimed I didn't teach my class as described in the catalog," he said. "I say 'bullshit!'"

Reader accused AIA of other inaccuracies, among them insinuating in the December issue of The Campus Report that he had, as the bold headline boasted, "cleaned his act."

"These people need victims," he said indignantly. "They're trying to intimidate people. They expect victims to lay down and die, but I have intentions to do neither."

Also within the "mended ways" article was the claim that Reader had "even begun wearing a suit to class."


"I don't own a suit," he responded flatly.

But whether Reader owns or wears a suit is of little consequence when considering the larger, galvanized issue of academic freedom. Irvine presented his side.

"Our biggest enemy," he said, coralling his views, "is ignorance. Professors are expressing great concern—great alarm—that their academic freedom is in jeopardy of being wiped out. This is ridiculous. Anyone who is doing a conscientious job teaching students and relaying information should have nothing to fear."

Reader disagreed. Fascism in Europe, he explained, began with a tax on education, and look where it ended up. Reader and friends want to nip the AIA truth squad in the bud, with legislation if possible.

He has complained to the AAUP in the form of a 150-page report about AIA, but has received little satisfaction. Reader disagrees with the AAUP's naive attitude about the organization which he also has labelled "totalitarian," "vigilante" and "gestapo."

"AIA may be my Hitler," Reader said, "but I'm not AIA's Jew." 

THE HYPE STUFF

A counter-reaction to the tragedy of the space shuttle Challenger

EDITOR'S NOTE

by Mark Connolly

On Tuesday morning, January 28, against a brilliant blue, Florida sky, at the end of a ten-mile fuse of white exhaust, 385,000 gallons of liquid hydrogen and 140,000 gallons of liquid oxygen ignited, blinked a quick, terrible orange, and vaporized the \$1.2 billion space shuttle, Challenger, and seven U.S. astronauts in a swollen plume that reached toward heaven but floated tragically short.

Western's Viking Union TV lounge was full just before noon. At Cape Canaveral, the ranks of 800 journalists assigned to the launch were swelling to 1,200, and all three major TV networks had picked up the broadcast from CNN, preempting soap operas and game shows—the ordinary weekday excitement that draws students to the lounge.

I walked in on a disaster in the making. The first TV image: a spectacular color replay of the fatal explosion—a single two-minute clip that was to form the bizarre core of five wandering, uninterrupted hours of disturbing national TV coverage.

Next, ABC cut to Europe, where correspondents interviewed people on the streets of London for their reaction to the disaster, and foreign studio anchors analyzed the shuttle tragedy and broadcast statements of mourning from around the world. The coverage went on . . . and on. As I knelt on the carpet in the shadows, the deaths of seven Americans in the early sky over Florida was becoming Big News before my eyes.

Cut—Washington, D.C., and reports on Congressional resolutions and a recess honoring the newly dead. Cut—President Reagan was postponing the evening's State of the Union address. Cut—Los Angeles for further analysis: Had NASA been pushing the shuttle program too fast for safety to advance American militarization and commercialization of space? Cut—tasteless replay of the two-minute explosion clip. Cut— . . .

In the nervous, hushed awe among my peers, I joined the watching of the screen—dazed and confused at the TV spectacle. Beyond the initial compassion after hearing of the news of seven lost lives, I felt no special grief. "What—JESUS!!—is all this HYPE?!"

Replay—another two agonizing minutes, this time watching the tearing, joyful faces of Christa McAuliffe's parents standing in the clear morning, amid the Cape Canaveral crowd, faces raised to watch the first 72 seconds of their daughter's ascent into history. Just before the explosion, before tears poured in horror—BLIP—lost picture. ABC anchor Peter Jennings humanely commented, "We lost that last part. Just as well. We didn't need to see that anyway." Amen.

The next morning, *The New York Times* abandoned its traditional broken headline style for a single, bold five-column front page head: "THE SHUTTLE EXPLODES: 6 CREW

AND HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHER ARE KILLED 74 SECONDS AFTER LIFTOFF." *USA TODAY* splashed First Lady Nancy Reagan's dramatic remark: "OH, MY GOD, NO!" across its graphic front page. Sensational! And before long, of course, America's two weekly fiction magazines—*Time* and *Newsweek*—ran the exciting, full-color photo of the fatal explosion on their covers. Big Deal.

For days, I was troubled far more by the public and press reactions than by the Challenger's fate. Why, after all, was everyone so shocked when one of the spacecraft Tom Wolfe, author of "The Right Stuff," calls, "enormous tubular bombs . . . gorged with several of the most explosive materials this side of nuclear fission," finally blows up?

The public response to the space shuttle disaster seems characteristic of two maladies of the modern American mind. The first is an almost divine faith that nods uncritically to the mythical beneficence of high technology in our daily lives. Epitomized in the space program, NASA's frequent and recyclable space shuttle has worked in part as a public relations promo to make the dangerous and intricate seem casual and perhaps misleadingly successful. The attitude was personified for us in a 37-year-old New Hampshire schoolteacher, who won the national contest to fly on Challenger, volunteered to risk her life and lost it. Our innocence shaken in a horrendous fireball, we've been left as a national body standing dumbfounded like the emperor who finally discovered he had no clothes.

The future of our faith in space technology in particular will be tested on issues such as President Reagan's fantasy defense, Star Wars. Will we any longer risk our lives and the civilization our children might inherit on the true belief that lasers orbiting the Earth can shoot incoming Soviet missiles out of the sky?

The second cloud that appears hanging in the American mind after the disintegration of Challenger is the discriminating power that we surrender to the media to decide for us which of our global problems are worthy of attention—and when.

While planetary crises gnaw away every commercial minute of every day at the natural world and the human family, in the forms of nuclear and toxic waste production and disposal, acid rain, famine and more—most of us don't consider these problems until they materialize with Super-Bowl extravagance on the evening news. Three Mile Island, Bhopal, Love Canal, Ethiopia . . .

To what extent did the media make Challenger's detonation a disaster worthy of the international outpouring of grief that followed? For it was the technological power of the media to unite the world around the image of instantaneous

loss that brought global tears.

Its most sadly ironic result emerged from all the national hype-hype-hooray that presented Christa McAuliffe as a model for American schoolchildren. The commonly mindless technological medium that millions of children invited into their very classrooms to help them celebrate the rise of the American schoolteacher turned on them like a pet pit bull as national TV etched a violent image of her mortality indelibly on their young minds. A new generation has learned a tough lesson early: That death is a part of life, and not the highest technology on Earth can deliver us from the natural

cycles we are bound to on our own humble, vibrant planet. Indeed, it may be painfully foolish to think otherwise.

Perhaps the metaphor of the Challenger will live with these children as they mature into responsible, thinking adults. And, from the phoenix of the Challenger's ashes, will rise a generation respectful of the limits of science and technology, who will explore their own inner spiritual solutions to the challenges of living here on Earth, having risked too much false hope in their parents' searching for solutions in the heavens. ☉

NASA





DANA MOORE